THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For FEBRUARY, 1808.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. Rodriguez and Isabella, or, the Terrors of Conscience.
2. London Fashionable Walking and Ball Dress.
3. A new and elegant Pattern for the Crown of a Cap.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* in our next.

The verses by *a Minor* bear too many marks of immature genius; they are very incorrect.

We have to present our thanks to the author of the *Tale of Moorad:* we have inserted this month as much of it as we had room for; and in our future numbers propose to give larger portions; but the variety we always wish to present to our readers will not permit us to promise entire compliance with the wish of the author.

The Essay *on the Effect of ancient Ruins on the Mind* is intended for our next.

In the Ode, *Dear, O my Lyre, art thou to me*, the signature W.M.T. was omitted by mistake.

THE

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For FEBRUARY, 1808.

RODRIGUEZ AND ISABELLA,

OR,

THE TERRORS OF CONSCIENCE.

A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

IN the city of Saragossa in Spain, about a century ago, there resided a gentleman of fashion and gallantry, named Don Rodriguez. His mental endowments and acquirements were great, and his manners fascinating; but, inordinately addicted to vicious ways he plunged into every kind of folly and dissipation. His father, on the other hand, was a man of the most rigid manners, and religious even to superstition; so that at length he retired from the world, by becoming a monk of the order of St. Benedict. Many were the severe reproofs he gave his son, and his exhortations to him to alter his conduct, and reform his profligate life; but all were without effect, till a circumstance occurred, in which Don Rodriguez having engaged in a duel with one of his dissolute companions was very severely wounded; and in such a manner that he lingered for a considerable time in excruciating pain, and continually in the most imminent danger of death, which his surgeons at length pronounced to be inevitable. He was awfully affected at this intelligence, and struck with horror, for the seeds of religion had been too deeply sown in his mind by the serious lessons he had received from his parents to be lightly eradicated. He therefore made a vow in the presence of his father, who continually attended him, that if Providence would prolong his life he would leave the world, being now fully convinced of its vanities,

and retire to the same convent to which his venerable parent had withdrawn.

The vigorous constitution and youth of Rodriguez enabled nature to do for him what his medical assistants had pronounced impracticable. He recovered, and faithfully kept his vow, by becoming a Benedictine. His father soon after died, sincerely rejoicing that before his death he had seen his son a true penitent, and rescued from the snares of the world. 'My son,' said he with his expiring breath, 'hold fast the prize of the high calling to which you have attained. I know that too many of our order only employ their sacred habit to veil their hypocrisy, and the tenfold wickedness of their secret debauchery: should you ever thus dreadfully violate your vows, be assured that I will, if possible, obtain leave to revisit this lower sphere, and inflict on you some horrible vengeance.'

Father Rodriguez was sincere in his conversion, fervent in his devotion, and exemplary in his conduct. He was greatly esteemed, and even revered by his brethren of the order; and as his figure was elegant and manly, and he united the easy manners of the gentleman with the grave functions of his profession, he was the favourite of all the female devotees of that part of Spain, many of whom played off all their coquetry upon him. But in vain did they practise their usual arts; his religion rendered him proof against all their wiles.

At length, however, he was called upon to give his spiritual aid to Isabella de Tormes, a lady in whom the utmost beauty of countenance and shape was adorned by the most refined delicacy and artless innocence. Rodriguez soon became but too sensible to these all-powerful charms, and felt the ebullitions of long-restrained passion. At every interview his sense of religion diminished, and violent, though unlawful, love took possession of his whole soul. At length his passion broke through all the bonds of honour, duty, and piety, and his mind was wholly absorbed in devising means to corrupt her heart, and render it compliant to his infamous purposes; and as before his retirement from the world he was but too well acquainted with the mischievous arts of intrigue, he found himself more successful than he could have supposed he should have been: her artless unsuspicious disposition seemed to render her an easy prey, and he made her very innocence a pander to his base designs.

One day, even in the very chapel of the convent, finding himself alone with her, and rendered almost frantic by long indulging in secret his infamous passion, he determined not to neglect the opportunity which then presented itself; he advanced to salute her, but on a sudden stopped short, exclaiming, 'What! How! Who is there?' Perceiving, however, that he had only been alarmed by the agitation of his mind, and the workings of his conscience, he recovered himself, and renewing the attempt exclaimed as before; when having once more recovered himself, and still persisting in his design, he with a countenance expressive of the greatest terror cried out 'It is my father! My father from his grave!' and throwing his cowl over his head, fell, seemingly lifeless, on the pavement.

The lady, though in the utmost consternation and dread, as she perceived nothing that could alarm him, remained by him till he had recovered, and his fears were in some measure dispelled; when he confessed to her that his intentions towards her were most dishonourable. He told her what his father had said to him on his death-bed; and declared that when he fainted, he thought he saw him behind her with a dreadful countenance, advancing towards him as if to inflict on him the horrible vengeance with which he had threatened him.

Isabella returned home fully impressed with the idea that Providence had interposed in an extraordinary manner to preserve her honour and virtue; for she was sensible how much Rodriguez had insinuated himself into her heart, and how possible it was that, with such a prepossession in his favour, she might have too easily yielded to temptation. The monk retired to his cell, firmly resolved to subdue his intemperate passions, which he had falsely imagined to be completely mortified; and to expiate by prayer and penance his intentional crime; reflecting, at the same time, how great is the power of conscience, which, by making us see what does not exist, can punish the guilty, or restrain from the commission of crimes by its salutary terrors.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS of SIR WILL. SIDNEY SMITH, REAR-ADMIRAL of the BLUE.

(Continued from p. 8.)

AFTER the unfortunate capture of Sir Sidney, the other officers who remained on board the Diamond sent in a flag of truce to inquire whether he was wounded, and to request that he might be treated with kindness. The governor returned a polite answer, stating that Sir Sidney was well, and that he should be used with the utmost humanity and attention.

Contrary to this assurance, however, and in violation of the law and practice of all civilized nations, which permits the exchange of prisoners of war, Sir Sidney was at first treated with unusual severity; and it was even hinted that he ought to be tried by a military commission as a spy. At length, however, orders were issued by the government that he should be removed to Paris, where he was closely confined in the Abbaye, together with his clerk, and a Monsieur de T——, a generous Frenchman, who assumed the appellation of John, and passed for his servant, with the hope of finding some means to assist him in making his escape, which at length was happily effected.

Of the manner in which his escape was at last effected there have been several accounts, agreeing in general in the principal circumstances, but differing in various particulars. We shall here give one, which is sufficiently minute, and appears to bear the marks of authenticity, as we find it in a late publication.

'The means of escape now became the constant object on which Sir Sidney and his friends employed their minds. The window of their prison fronted the street, and from this circumstance they hoped, sooner or later, to effect their purpose. They contrived to carry on a regular correspondence, by

means of signs, with some women, who could see them from their apartments, and who seemed to take the most lively interest in their fate. These proposed to assist in the liberation of Sir Sidney, an offer which he accepted with great gratitude; and he has declared that notwithstanding the enormous expenses occasioned by their unsuccessful attempts, they have not the less claim to his gratitude. Till the time of his deliverance their whole employment was that of endeavouring to save him; and they had the address at all times to deceive the vigilance of his keepers. On both sides borrowed names were used. Those of the women were borrowed from the ancient mythology; so that Sir Sidney was indulged with a direct communication with Thalia, Melpomene, and Clio.

He was now removed to the Temple, to which prison his three *Muses* contrived means of conveying intelligence, and plans for effecting his escape. He was, however, resolved not to leave his English companion in prison; and still less poor John, whose safety (for being a Frenchman it involved his life) was more dear to him than his own emancipation.

In the Temple John was permitted to enjoy a considerable degree of liberty. Dressed in the light costume of an English jockey, and knowing how to assume the manners which belong to that character, every one was fond of John: he drank and fraternized with the turnkeys; he made love to the keeper's daughter, who was persuaded he would marry her; and as the little English jockey was not supposed to have received a very brilliant education, he had learned sufficiently to mutilate his native tongue. John appeared very attentive to his service, and always spoke to his master in the most respectful manner. The master on his part scolded him from time to time *with much gravity*; and frequently surprized himself in the act of forgetting the friend, and seriously giving orders to the valet.

At length John's wife, Madame de Tr——, a very interesting woman, arrived at Paris. She dared not come, however, to the Temple through dread of a discovery; but from a neighbouring house she daily beheld her husband, who, as he walked to and fro, enjoyed alike in secret the pleasure of contemplating the friend of his bosom. Madame de Tr—— soon communicated a plan for their escape to a sensible and courageous young man of her acquaintance, who acceded to it without the smallest hesitation.

Ch. L'Oiseau, for that was the name which the young Frenchman assumed, was connected with the agents of the king then confined in the Temple, for whom he was also contriving the means of escape, and it was intended they should all attempt to get off together.

Every thing seemed prepared for the execution of their project. A hole, twelve feet long, was to be made in a cellar adjoining to the prison and the apartments to which the cellar belonged were at their disposal. Mademoiselle D—— generously came to reside there for a week, and being young, the other lodgers attributed to her alone the frequent visits of Ch. L'Oiseau. No one in the house in question had any suspicions. The amiable little child which mademoiselle D—— had with her, who was

only seven years old, so far from betraying the secret, always beat a little drum, and made a noise while the work was going on in the cellar.

L'Oiseau having continued his labours without any appearance of daylight, was apprehensive he had attempted the opening considerably too low. It was necessary therefore that the wall should be sounded; and for this purpose a mason was required. The worthy mason perceived the object was to save some of the victims of misfortune, and came without hesitation. He only said, 'If I am arrested, take care of my poor children.'

What a misfortune frustrated all their hopes! Though the wall was sounded with the greatest precaution, the last stone fell out and rolled into the garden of the Temple. The centinel perceived it, alarm was given, the guard arrived, and all was discovered. Fortunately, however, their friends had time to make their escape.

This first attempt having failed, Sir Sidney wrote to madame de Tr—— to console both her and their young friend, who was miserable at having foundered just as he was going into port. They still continued to form new schemes for his deliverance. The keeper perceived it, and Sir Sidney was frequently so open as to acknowledge the fact. 'Commodore,' said the former, 'your friends are desirous of liberating you, and they only discharge their duty; I also am doing mine, in watching you still more narrowly.' Though this keeper was a man of unparalleled strictness yet he never departed from the rules of civility and politeness. He treated all the prisoners with kindness, and even picqued himself on his generosity. One day, when Sir Sidney dined with him, he observed that the attention of his prisoner was fixed on a window, then partly open, which looked upon the street. Sir Sidney saw his uneasiness, and suffered himself for a few moments to enjoy the amusement it afforded; however, to put an end to it, he said to him, laughing, 'I know what you are thinking of, but fear not. It is now three o'clock. I will make a truce with you till midnight, and I give you my word of honour that, even were the doors open I would not escape. When that hour is passed, my promise is at an end, and we are enemies again.'

'Sir,' replied he, 'your word is a safer bond than my bars and bolts; till midnight, therefore, I am perfectly easy.'

From that time forward this confidence always continued. Whenever Sir Sidney was desirous to enjoy perfect liberty, he offered his keeper a suspension of arms till a certain hour. This his generous enemy never refused; but when the armistice was at an end his vigilance was unbounded. Thus Sir Sidney was free to contrive and prepare for his escape, and the keeper to treat him with the utmost rigour.

This man had a very accurate idea of honour. He often said to him, 'Were you even under sentence of death, I would permit you to go out on your parole, because I should be certain of your return. Many very honest prisoners, and I myself among the rest, would not return in the like case; but an officer, and especially an officer of distinction, holds his honour dearer than his life. I know it to be a fact, commodore, and therefore I should be less uneasy if you

desired the gates to be always open.

His keeper was right. While he enjoyed his liberty, he endeavoured to lose sight of the idea of his escape.

The directory now ordered their truly noble prisoner to be treated with severity. The keeper punctually obeyed all the orders he received: and he, who, on the preceding evening, had granted him the greatest liberty, now doubled his guard, in order to exercise a more perfect vigilance.

Among the prisoners was a man suspected of acting in the detestable capacity of a spy upon his companions. Sir Sidney felt the greatest anxiety on account of his friend John. He was, however, fortunate enough to obtain his liberty. An exchange of prisoners being about to take place, he applied to have *his servant* included in the cartel; and though this request might easily have been refused, happily it was granted.

When the day of John's departure arrived he could scarcely be prevailed upon to leave the commodore. They parted with tears in their eyes, which to Sir Sidney were the tears of pleasure, because his friend was leaving a situation of the greatest danger. The amiable *jockey* was regretted by every one; the turnkeys drank a good journey to him: nor could the girl he had courted help weeping for his departure; while her mother hoped she should one day call him her son-in-law.

Sir Sidney was soon informed of his arrival in London, and this circumstance rendered his own captivity less painful.

September 1797 (18th Fructidor) the rigour of his confinement was increased. The keeper, whose name was Lasne, was displaced; Sir Sidney was again kept close; and together with his liberty lost the hopes of a peace.

At this time a proposal was made to him for his escape, which he adopted as his last resource. The plan was to have forged orders drawn up for his removal to another prison, and thus to carry him off. M. de Phelipeaux,* a man of equal intrepidity and generosity, offered to execute this enterprise. The order being accurately imitated, and, by means of a bribe, the real stamp of the minister's signature procured, nothing remained but to find men bold enough to put the plan in execution. Phelipeaux and Ch. L'Oiseau being even notorious at the Temple, it was absolutely necessary to employ others. M. M. B—— and L—— therefore, both men of tried courage, accepted the office with pleasure and alacrity.

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* M. Phelipeaux was an officer of the engineers in the service of Louis XVI. He was a man of talents, and very worthy; of a mild, engaging countenance, and of a tried, undoubted courage. His health appeared extremely delicate; and though young, he had been engaged in many extraordinary adventures, having served in all the campaigns of the army of Condé. He commanded in Berri, and escaped death by breaking out of a state prison. He was offered the rank of a brevet colonel by the British government which he declined, saying, he was in the service of the king of France. He accompanied his friend, however, to the coast of Syria, and served as a volunteer in the defence of Acre, where he died, lamented by all to whom his amiable character was known.

[*To be continued.*]

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from p. 21.]

LETTER LI.

Mr. Wentworth to J. Johnson, Esq.

IT is now, my dear friend, a month since I received by the hands of captain Sommerville the enclosed letter from miss Vernon, which I transmit for your perusal. Where is your penetration? Alas! you were deceived; that embarrassment you so flatteringly described as the effect of her partiality for me was meant (if it had any meaning) for another. But I will spare myself the painful reflection. When you have read the enclosed you have read death to my hopes, and no comment can be made on it. My worthy uncle tells me to bear the disappointment like a man, and believes there are other women in the world as amiable as miss Vernon. My charming cousin, too, sympathises with me, and by attentions innumerable makes me sometimes forget it. There is within these few months a great alteration for the better in this young lady. The levity of her manners is lost in a thoughtfulness far more becoming, and her attention to her father, since his illness, has given her charms I never thought her possessed of. He has remarked it to me, and, with tears in his eyes, ascribes to my example and advice what I think proceeds from her own good sense and improved temper. Be that as it may, it is a subject of much pleasure to us both; and I am resolved not to embitter the declining days of my worthy uncle by giving way to a melancholy I am too much inclined to. He told me this morning that he wished to confer with me on a subject he never yet had hinted at. I cannot guess what it can be; but I intend this evening to give him the opportunity. I will lay down my pen to resume it to-morrow.

Adieu!

[*In continuation.*]

Ah! Johnson; now, indeed, is my love for miss Vernon, and my resolution never to think of another, brought to the test:—but to proceed.—I went down to supper last night with the intention of spending an hour after my cousin was retired. I found them both very grave: I felt myself rather more in spirits than usual, and used them to enliven theirs, but to little purpose. My cousin retired earlier than usual. When she was gone I noticed her too-visible dejection to my uncle.—'Alas!' said he, 'I have discovered it for some time; and this was the subject I wished to speak to you upon.—I have had a long conversation with her to-day; I even taxed her with being in love; but can get no satisfactory answer. I wish you would take an opportunity of conversing with her.'

'Most willingly,' I replied; 'but as to her being in love I saw not how that was likely, there being no gentleman admitted to her

company; and sir Philip she did not regret the loss of.'

'There is a young man,' said my uncle, 'whom I suspect to have gained her affections, and if that is the case, and he can love her, they have my hearty approbation for their union.'

'How good you are, sir!' said I; 'it is impossible for a young man to be insensible to the charms of my cousin; and if she really has placed her affections as you imagine, I doubt not her meeting a return, and your approbation will crown her happiness.'

'Then you will talk with her on the subject to-morrow,' replied he.

'I will, sir; and shall be happy to be the messenger of your kindness to her.'

'Her happiness is in your hands,' said he; 'but I must wish you a good night, I feel fatigued.'

I attended him to his chamber, and retired to my own, with my thoughts fully occupied with the above conversation. The last words of my uncle, that her happiness was in my hands, puzzled me. His manner, also, when he said there was a young man who he suspected had gained her affections, had a mystery in it, as I had never seen any young man in the house but sir Philip; for our manner of living is very retired. A thought occurred, not suggested by vanity, but circumstances; in short, I suspected I was more interested in my cousin's happiness than I had ever before imagined. Under such an idea the proposed interview was to be dreaded. Suppose, thought I, from her conversation I should be confirmed in what my unwarrantable vanity may now have suggested; how must I act? Miss Vernon is inevitably lost to my hopes; yet ought I to marry another in my present sentiments? But to yield myself a victim to a hopeless passion is both unreasonable and comfortless; and to be ungrateful to so charming a woman as my cousin certainly is would be rendering myself unworthy her favour. Besides, miss Vernon tells me that if I value her happiness, I must cease to remember her but as a friend.

In this manner did I argue with myself on the idea I had taken and the result of my argument were, that if on conversing with my cousin in the morning I found it was so, I would endeavour to return her love, and banish my former attachment from my heart. I had now a nice part to act. To declare myself her lover without being certain I was the object of her regard, was by no means my intention; yet to lead her to an avowal was both indelicate and ungenerous. I spent a sleepless night in revolving what I should say, and how I should conduct myself. At length morning came. I attended the breakfast table as usual. My uncle never rises till late. In a few minutes my cousin entered. I thought I never saw her look so beautiful; though her face wore the same gravity it did the preceding evening. I led her to her seat, and asked her if she had seen her father.

Yes, she had, and she thought him better than usual; he had had a good night.

'Then why does my sweet cousin look so grave,' said I.

'Do I look grave, Mr. Wentworth?' said she, and sighed.

'Do not deem me impertinent,' said I, 'if I comply with a request your father made me last night, to ask you the question wherefore are

you so dejected of late? We have both observed it with pain; and if it is in our power to remove the cause, we stand ready to do it.'

'It is a question I cannot answer, sir.'

I took her hand—'Do not call me *sir*, look on me as your affectionate friend, and nearest relation. Honour me with your confidence; perhaps it may be in my power to administer consolation.'

She started—'In your power, Mr. Wentworth? How can it be in your power?'

'I know not until I am made acquainted with the cause of your uneasiness. Perhaps sir Philip—'

She hastily interrupted me: 'He has no concern in it; but you are not the person to trust my secret with: it is of a nature past your skill to relieve, I had almost said it is out of your power to mitigate—'

'Whilst you intimate it is within my power, in the smallest degree, to mitigate, I shall not cease to urge the disclosure.' I looked earnestly in her face, which was averted; but I read in her intelligent countenance more than she intended I should.

'Are you, indeed,' said she, 'the friend and affectionate relation you say you are?'—she arose from her seat,—'Would to Heaven I had never seen you; but I must retire. I must recollect myself.'

I caught her hand as she made towards the door. I had now seen and heard enough to convince me that I was right in my conjecture. To have wanted more confirmation would have been very ungenerous. 'Stop, my dear Letitia,' said I; 'before you leave me recall that cruel wish of having never seen me. Behold in me more than your friend and relation—your lover. In the hope of your favour I will forget my former attachment, and look only to yourself for that happiness I once sought in another. If you will condescend to accept of a heart on such terms it is yours.'

She appeared much agitated, and looked at a loss for an answer. I seemed not to expect one, but, still holding her by the hand, offered to lead her to her father's apartment, there to obtain, as I said, a sanction to, I hoped, our mutual wishes. She withdrew her hand—'No,' said she, with a manner inexpressibly pleasing, 'I have betrayed myself; and am obliged to your compassion for a declaration I never should have owed to your love: but I will be indebted to the compassion of no man.' So saying she retired—Her delicacy charmed me, and determined me at once to spare that delicacy as much as possible. I therefore went to my uncle's apartment, and, after relating all the conversation, asked his consent to marry my cousin. He hesitated not to give it, and sent for her.—She came—He took a hand of each, and joining them—'My dear children,' said he, 'this is a day I have wished to see. Be happy in each other. Charles has demanded you of me. Blush not, my dear child, if I inform him in your presence that you yesterday confessed to me your affection for him. Take her, dear Charles, as the most precious gift I have to bestow.' I clasped her to my bosom with sincere affection, and acknowledged my gratitude to my uncle with equal sincerity.

Thus, Johnson, has one month totally altered my plan of life. The alteration I hope never to have cause to regret. Miss Ver-

non must now be banished from my thoughts. In the possession of sense, beauty, and wealth, I must be happy. Ungrateful, indeed, must I be not to endeavour to deserve the affections of a woman who has thus distinguished me. I hope I am not unjust to her merit by my preference of another, and I hope that preference will subside after marriage; did I not think it would, I never would marry. But a truce with reflection; my honour is now engaged, and I shall urge the ceremony, though not with the alacrity I could wish to feel. I have frequently heard my cousin say she would be married by a Romish priest. Perhaps I may humour this whim; but I hope after marriage to induce her to embrace my own faith, and this I do not much doubt to be able to do, as she seems to lay but little stress upon religious opinions. I fear my poor uncle is in a dying state. The faculty here say they can do nothing for him, as he is in a visible decline. I feel great reluctance at the thoughts of his leaving us. This country will then have no charms for me. In my native clime I hope, with my lovely wife, to meet with as much happiness as this world can bestow. I close this letter: perhaps ere you hear again I may be on my way home. Be that as it may, in all places and all situations,

I remain, dear Johnson,
yours, unalterably,
CHARLES WENTWORTH.

LETTER LII.

Mrs. Wentworth to Lady Amaranth.

GIVE me joy, my dear lady Amaranth! I am married!—It is very true:—I yesterday gave my hand to Wentworth. But think not that I have yielded up my liberty, and committed my actions to his disposal:—No: I am still sole mistress of both. My power over him is now established. O the fickle heart of man! Had you seen his behaviour toward me these six weeks past, and witnessed the present, you would never have guessed that any other woman had ever reigned in his heart. My triumph is complete, and I will begin to enjoy it. I hear him coming; and now for a dash of my former humour—just to prepare him a little. I have been married almost two days, and it is high time to begin.

Well, I have made him look about him! I have sent him away in a fright, I believe. Thus it was:—I laid down my pen, and put my letter in my desk as he entered.—'What, writing, my dear,' said he, seating himself by my side, 'to your friend lady Amaranth, I presume?'—'Yes,' replied I, 'and I wish to finish my letter.'—'I will not interrupt you; but, to say the truth, I am not much pleased with your correspondence with that lady: it is from her you have imbibed those notions of religion so opposite to those your father and myself would wish to inculcate. But we will not discuss this matter now, some other time I wish to do so; and hope to convince your reason of the errors your friendship has led you into.'

I looked at him with as haughty an air as I could assume.—'Mighty well, Sir!' said I; 'you may oppose my friendship for lady Amaranth as much as you please, but the opposition will in no wise diminish it.'

He seemed greatly surprised.—'I did not expect such an answer, my dear Letitia. I will allow much to friendship, but expect more from love.' I put up my lip, and made no reply. 'I wish,' said he, 'I had not touched on a subject that has displeased you so much.'—'I rather wish,' said I, 'you had touched on it sooner: it is too late now to oppose my opinions.—'How do you mean by too late?'—'I mean,' answered I, 'that after I have, by the ceremonies of my own church, given you my hand, it is too late to change my religion.' He smiled.—'What do you laugh at, Sir?'—'Do not be offended, my dear, I could not help smiling at your remark; and it occurred to me, that if religion had any thing to do with our marriage, it was only yourself that is married; as to me, I am, according to your notion, bound only by honour.'

'You make nice distinctions, Sir; but if you mean to imply a wish to be unfettered, you had better avail yourself of it.'

'Heavens!' replied he, 'how can you entertain such a thought? But you are certainly unwell! Your temper is ruffled; I will leave you for the present.'—He attempted to salute me, but I turned my face away. He left the room with a glow like scarlet on his countenance.——Charming! thought I, for the first time.—Oh the inexpressible pleasure of teasing! To plague a lover is delightful, but to torment a husband is glorious! I shut myself up from my angry monkey till evening—was unwell—could not dine. My father is now nearly confined to his bed. I went to him after my solitary meal. There was my gentleman reading to him at the bed-side. I saw by my father's countenance that he had heard no tales to my disadvantage. He was rejoiced, he told me, to see me better. I sat down by him on the other side of the bed. He looked alternately on each of us, and was not able to restrain his tears.—'They are tears of joy,' said he, wiping his eyes.—Wentworth's eyes ran over.—Now, thought I, what are your tears! Tears of regret on account of your perverse wife, perhaps! I hate dismal scenes, so left them, after a decent time, to cry by themselves.

I joined Wentworth at supper, and seeing him much dejected assumed an air all life and spirit. After I had rattled away some time, he told me in a sort of ironical tone that he was happy to see I had so well recovered my health and spirits; for his part he felt greatly depressed, for he believed my father would not survive that night—he had been seized soon after I left them with fainting fits; and the physician, who had just left him, gave it as his opinion that he could not live many hours.—I felt much shocked at this intelligence, as I had no idea he was so near his end. I burst into a flood of tears, and for the time all my levity, and wish to plague my husband, subsided.

Pleased with my sensibility he took me in his arms, and began soothing me with a tenderness that won my affection; at the same time my heart whispered that I had acted an unworthy part by both him and my father, by so long wounding the peace of the latter, and by my plot to supplant miss Vernon with the former, and that from motives of mere vanity. These reflections, which darted on me like a sun-beam,

filled me with excruciating anguish.—A very different sensation from what would have been excited by being deprived of the best of parents, if I had performed my duty to him. I should then have had a source of consolation, and time would have healed the wound; but what can yield consolation to a wounded conscience! Wentworth told me he should sit up with my father; I begged to accompany him, but he would not permit it, unless my father requested to see me. He left me, and I retired to my chamber. There I sat two hours, absorpt in thought and affliction I never felt before.

It is now one o'clock — all is still—I am afraid to stir, and dare not stay alone while I send my woman to inquire. I had written as far as my going down to supper, and have since resumed my pen, thinking to amuse myself, but I must lay it down, my hand trembles—What an awe does the approach of death strike into the gayest and most inconsiderate of us!——

The letter concluded by her Woman.

Honoured Madam,

My lady orders me to say my master is no more. About five o'clock Mr. Wentworth came to us, and, after preparing my lady to hear the sad tidings, informed us he had been dead an hour. I thought my lady would have gone distracted. It was with difficulty we could keep her from going into the chamber where the corpse lay. It is now nine o'clock: she is in bed; I have not left her a moment. She gave me the keys of her drawer, ordered me to write thus much, seal, and dispatch this letter.

LETTER LIII.

Miss Vernon to Miss H. Vernon.

At length, my dear sister, after a search of four months, attended with much trouble and expense to Mr. Wilson, his lady has fixed on a residence. But why do I say fixed—before to-morrow her mind may change. The weather is not more uncertain. But where do you think this house is found—at Hampstead of all places! From that delightful eminence we are to look without envy on all the world, and from its vicinity to the great city a thousand pleasures are to spring, unknown at B— Hall. We are in high spirits and good humour, and, like a child pleased with a new toy, can think and talk of nothing else. But we are all children of a larger growth; and though it is to be hoped few of us are so trifling as Mrs. Wilson, yet we are all too apt to play with life, and form imaginary schemes of happiness.

From Mr. Wilson's description of this Hampstead toy it cannot fail to please. The house he says is large and convenient, the gardens and pleasure ground are elegantly laid out, the neighbourhood is genteel, and the want of genteel neighbours is one great cause of complaint here. B— Hall is let to a family of Mr. Wilson's acquaintance, far short of its value, and in a week's time we are to quit the venerable abode of our ancestors for Hampstead. I can have no objection to this change, as by it I shall be nearer to all the friends I love best, and besides, with my prospects, I cannot but be happy in all places. Mr. Wentworth must now have received my

letter, and the next ship will doubtless bring me another. I dare not, however, build too much on this; human affairs are too mutable to warrant it: but I think it right to enjoy the pleasure of reasonable expectation. The grand point is to guard against being too sanguine, that if disappointment comes it may have the less force.

Mrs. Wilson is perpetually teasing me with asking if I will go to India. It is in vain that I tell her I have not yet thought about it; and until I hear again from Mr. Wentworth cannot possibly determine. There never was a young woman yet, she says, in my situation, but what had laid down a regular scheme where and how she was to live. I said I was sorry she had so poor an opinion of the understanding of all young women as to suppose them so imprudent as to plan positively without a previous knowledge of all the circumstances by which they might judge of the propriety of their plan.

'Well then,' said she, 'I will plan for you. You shall live at Hampstead as near me as possible, for I will never consent that you shall go to India. The next ships will bring Mr. Wentworth, I doubt not. Let me see—Mr. Wilson says they are expected in October—at Christmas you may be married.'

In this childish way does she run on—I heartily repent I ever told her of Mr. Wentworth's letter: one may err sometimes as much from being too communicative as too reserved—though of the two extremes I choose the former.

The law-suit that Mrs. Beaumont has instituted against her husband is decided sooner than such suits generally are. Articles of separation are drawn up by mutual consent. He is to pay her an annuity of a thousand a-year on condition she never molests him; that is, I suppose, not to force him to live with her, in which case she becomes dependent on his bounty. You see this is much in his favour: indeed all the laws respecting marriage, I think, are in favour of the husband. But these laws were made by men, and, in this case, not framed by justice.

I shall not write again till we reach Hampstead, if we do reach it. Until then, adieu! Present my best respects where due,

Yours affectionately,

M. Vernon.

LETTER LIV.

From the same to the same.

Hampstead.

After a journey, in every respect unpleasant and tedious, I am happy in dating my letter to my dear sister from this place. We left B—Hall three days since, and as Mrs. Wilson's health, as she said, would not admit of haste, we slept two nights on the road. Nothing was regretted more on this journey than our being in a coach instead of a chaise. Another journey is never to be taken in a coach: no prospect to be seen; not any thing that was pleasant! The roads, too, were rough; the coachman unskilful. We put up at the best inns, and I thought were very well accomodated; but no: it was all vile! The chickens were hard—the fish was stale—the ducks were lean—the mutton over-roasted—the cutlets unsavoury—the wine was sour—the bed was damp! In short, nothing was right. In this grumb-

ling way did we pass the whole time. At length we reached in safety our destined habitation.

On our stopping at the gate, she surveyed the building, and observed that it was a handsome-looking house, but outside appearances were often deceitful. We entered the hall.—'Bless me!' she exclaimed, 'the hall is large enough to turn a coach in! What should a man and his wife do in such a large house as this?' Mr. Wilson opened a parlour door.—The room was by no means proportioned to the hall. 'Well! the man who built this house was no conjurer, she was sure; she hoped this was not the largest room.'—No, the drawing-room on the other side was much larger, and there was a good parlour beside.—'Well, I must have a cup of tea before I can look at any thing.' The maid-servants had arrived by the stage-coach before. Tea was soon prepared, and she proposed to go over the house; I attended her; Mr. Wilson staid below. There was not a room in it in which she did not discover a fault; as for myself, I was not quick-sighted enough to espy one; the house is in every respect answerable to my ideas of elegance and convenience, and the gardens are beautiful. When we returned to the parlour she threw herself into a chair, overcome with fatigue in traversing so many apartments. Mr. Wilson asked her how she liked it. 'Not at all,' was her reply: 'it does not answer your description by any means; I am sure I shall not like to live here. The situation too is not pleasant; do you call this a hill? It appears to me a valley; I see no prospect, not I!'

'I tell you what, Mrs. Wilson,' replied her husband, 'I have conformed to your wishes of removing from B— Hall, though you never will find a spot more pleasant than that is. I am ready to return with you there as soon as you please. I made the agreement with the family I have let it to, that in case you wished to return within a month you should be at liberty so to do. Now, then, is your time to determine. Of this I assure you—I will either remain with you here, or return with you to B— Hall; but I will not reside in any other habitation.'

I was delighted with his spirit; and equally vexed with her absurdity.

'A pretty figure I should cut to return to B— Hall after taking leave of all my acquaintance in the manner I did! No! I shall stay where I am, rather than make such a laughing-stock of myself. Perhaps the house after a few alterations may please me better. I am at present very ill, and fatigued with my journey; I will go to bed, perhaps I may be better in the morning.'

She retired, and I went with her, though I saw Mr. Wilson wished to detain me. I make a point of never being alone with him, if I can help it. I retired to my chamber, and scribled thus far. As soon as you can possibly contrive it I hope to see you at Hampstead. There are stages go from hence to London every day. If you could come to see me, I had rather; you know my reason; perhaps I am wrong in dreading to see the worthy colonel. I will endeavour to overcome the dread, which I am aware is ill-founded. It gives me great pleasure to hear, as you say, that he so cheerfully congratulates me on my prospects.

I shall ever regret the uneasiness I have already occasioned to so worthy a man, and hope in future to be a source only of comfort to him and my other friends. I know you will excuse my writing more at present, drowsiness and fatigue summon me to bed. Adieu!

Yours most affectionately,

MARIA VERNON.

ACCOUNT of a YOUNG LADY taking the VEIL at NAPLES.

[*From Lemaistre's Travels after the Peace of Amiens.*]

WHEN we stopped at the door of the church in which this dreadful sacrifice was to be made, two gentlemen, dressed in uniform, relations of the lady about to assume the religious habit, came forward, and notwithstanding a heavy shower of rain which was falling at the time, insisted on handing *le Signore Inglese* up the stairs of the church. On entering, we received another mark of the civility shown to strangers by the Neapolitan *noblesse*,—the front seats were reserved exclusively for foreigners; by which arrangement we were enabled to see the ceremony to the greatest advantage.

The church is a small but pretty building, decorated on all sides with rich marble.

The relatives of the unfortunate girl, and all their friends, were in full dress, and instead of expressing any grief on the occasion, seemed to consider the event as extremely joyful. Liveliness sat on the countenances of most of them; and the whole scene had rather the appearance of a triumph than of a sacrifice.

Printed papers were distributed about the church; the contents of which were so curious, that though I will not tire you by copying them *verbatim*, I must give you the heads as characteristic of the sentiments which prevail here on such subjects. They formed together a dialogue; the *dramatis personæ* of which were the world and the fair novice. The one was intitled—'To her Excellency Signora—the World speaks,' and consisted of a poetical and flowery description of the pleasures of life. The other had written over it—'To the World her Excellency Signora—answers.' In the latter the victim of superstition was made victoriously to prove the superior blessings of contemplative ease and celestial joy, found in the calm retreat of a religious house; and disdaining the tawdry and empty vanities offered by the World, she declared how happy she thought herself in being allowed to exchange these baubles for the glorious service of the heavenly spouse, to which she was about to devote the remainder of her days.

The ceremony began with some very good music. High mass was then said, and, in the middle of it, the unfortunate girl, a beautiful and elegant creature, not more than nineteen years of age, and by far the handsomest Neapolitan female whom I have yet seen, appeared at the grate; near which a large, and rather disorderly, crowd was collected. The confessor, standing on the outer side, read some prayers, and gave the novice, through the grate, a wax-taper lighted. The lovely victim, dressed in the most sumptuous and fashionable manner, and or-

namented with jewels and other decorations, placed it on the altar of an inner chapel, and returning again to the grate, received from the priest a crucifix. Joy sparkled in her countenance as she took the sacred symbol of Christianity, and, with enthusiastic ardour, clasped it to her breast. She was then led away by the other nuns; and in a few minutes was brought back in a plain white flannel dress, the *costume* of the order. This change of garment had produced none in her beauty; and the interest she had excited on her first appearance was rather increased than diminished by the religious habit which she now wore. The lady abbess next cut off her long and flowing hair, and placed on her head the fatal veil. I confess that I shuddered as I witnessed this last act, which sealed the fate of this unhappy girl. This sentiment, common to all the English, and which rendered the most volatile melancholy, was not shared by the nearest relatives of her who was thus condemned

'to wither in her bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom.'

The Neapolitan ladies laughed, or rather giggled, during the most serious parts of the ceremony; sent messages from one to the other; and amused themselves with conversing together on the most trivial topics: in short, seemed to consider the whole as a very lively and pleasant event. The novice shed no tears, but her countenance was pale, and I thought I could discover that the smile she assumed was rather forced than natural.

As we were leaving the chapel, we were invited into the *parloir*, where the nuns, only separated by a low grate, appeared, and entertained the strangers with ice, cakes, and other refreshments. The new victim was here seen again, and seemed, by an officious activity displayed in waiting on her guests, to be anxious to conceal the dreadful thoughts which probably pressed on her mind.

During the whole of this ceremony I experienced the most painful sensations, and I could not help remarking, how circumstances of the most dreadful kind may be reconciled by custom, prejudice, and religious opinions. The English assembled on this occasion, feeling both pity for the object of sacrifice, and indignation against those who were the authors of it, were at one instant overcome with grief, and the next animated with an enthusiastic wish to rush forward, and, by force, to rescue the victim of superstition from the hands of her bigoted relatives; while the Neapolitans, conceiving that they themselves were doing an act of laudable piety in thus devoting this lovely creature to the cloister, and were likewise ensuring her eternal happiness, showed in their manner, their countenances, and their conversation, that they looked on what was passing as a scene of joy, not of sorrow. The loud tone of speaking or screaming which I have before remarked as prevalent in Italian society, was particularly remarkable on this occasion; and nothing, altogether, could be less solemn than a ceremony calculated according to our ideas, to excite the most serious and most painful reflections.

SOLITARY WALKS

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.*

BY JOHN WEBB.

'Struck with religious awe and solemn dread,
I view the gloomy mansions of the dead;
Around me tombs in mix'd disorder rise,
And in mute language teach me to be wise.
Time was these ashes liv'd—a time must be
When others thus may stand and look at me.'

MOORE.

OCTOBER had nearly terminated her career, Pomona had emptied from her lap her juicy treasures, and Ceres seemed to mourn her devastated domains, when I began my solitary tour. Reflecting on the alteration, I exclaimed with a very pleasing poet,

'Farewell the walk along the woodland vale!
Flower-feeding rills in murmurs drawn away!
Farewell the sweet breath of the early gale,
And the dear glories of the closing day!

All, all adieu! from Autumn's sober power
Fly the dear dreams of Spring's delightful reign;
Gay Summer strips her rosy-mantled bower,
And rude winds waste the beauties of her train.

Yet Autumn yields her joys of humbler kind
Sad o'er the golden ruins as we stray;
Sweet Melancholy soothes the musing mind,
And Nature charms delightful in decay.'

LANGHORNE.

The canopy of Heaven was studded with stars, and the comet which had attracted so much attention was visible: but instead of indulging my contemplations on the starry Heavens—attempting any astronomical researches—measuring the belt of Saturn—counting the satellites of Jupiter—or of calculating the velocity of the glittering stranger, I was led, by choice, to meditate among the tombs.

About the middle of this scene of mortality lies a character who possessed many traits of eccentricity. He was the illegitimate son of a gentleman, whose father (if I am rightly informed) was an officer in Cromwell's army. He was of a versatile cast of mind—partial to change; 'every thing by turns, and nothing long.' As a proof of which, he resided in twenty-one different houses in nineteen years. He was blessed with good natural abilities, but they were eclipsed by a propensity to craft and low cunning: and as he was a schemist, whose views were not always regulated by honesty, he succeeded but little to his ultimate advantage, for he died in a parish workhouse,

'Where all that's dreadful paves the way to death.'

CRABBE.

Here, amidst a promiscuous multitude, he found a tenement of clay to dwell in, never more to quit till summoned by the warning trump of the great archangel.

* This *Walk* should have preceded the concluding Walk inserted, by mistake, last month. It should have been numbered VI, and the other VII. We hope Mr. *Webb* will excuse this inattention.

The reflections of such a character in his last moments must be keen, if he considers that he has been useless in his day and generation, a nuisance to that society of which he might have been an ornament;

'For Heav'n bestows on all sufficient skill
To grace the station which they ought to fill;
And tho' to all not equally profuse,
Ordain'd us all for decency and use.
Is wit deny'd? be generous and sincere;
Fails learning too? let social love appear;
Let truth, good-nature, virtue, be improv'd,
And since thou canst not be admired—be lov'd.'

ANON.

In an adjacent grave lies all that was mortal of an interesting young man, who died of a decline in his twenty-seventh year.

'William* tho' no recording stone arise
To point thy resting-place to curious eyes,
Yet delegated angels watch thy dust,
Till trump angelic wakes the sleeping just.
A pale consumption, 'midst gay manhood's bloom,
Urg'd its dire course, and mark'd him for the tomb.
At length the vital lamp but dimly burn'd,
Life's lazy loitering wheel that slowly turn'd
At last stood still.——
While the glad soul exults at its release,
Attendant seraphs sung soft hymns of peace;
Bore on swift wing their happy charge away
Thro' the fair portals to bright worlds of day.

Tho' plac'd by Heav'n in humble station here,
A mind like his had grac'd a higher sphere.
His genius, had some patron's fost'ring care
Shelter'd from poverty's inclement air,
Might like a summer flower have blossom'd bright,
Sweet to the sense, and lovely to the sight.

Oft humble virtue lives unknown below,
And flowers of genius unregarded blow;
Like lilies of the vale they flourish fair,
'And waste their sweetness in the desert air.'

Transplanted from th' ungenial soil of time
His muse is ripening in a milder clime;
His blissful spirit joins the white-clad throngs,
And with celestial poets tune their songs
To harps of gold.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Happy youth! had thy genius been of a more elevated cast, perhaps, like Chatterton, unfostered, unpatronized, and unfurnished with philosophy to stem the current of misfortune, thou had'st rushed without a summons to eternity. Or like Burns have sought refuge from the disappoint-

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* He was of a studious disposition, and was the possessor of genuine ability; but his talents, which might have done credit to a better station, were buried in a loom. He had a genius for poetical pursuits; and from some specimens I have seen I am led to indulge a flattering idea of what his muse might have produced, had it been properly cultivated. His library consisted of Fenning's Dictionary, Hervey's Meditations, Watt's Lyric Poems, Addison's Cato, and some old grammar books.—

He resigned his breath with great placidity of mind January 4th, 1784.

ments of life in the low scenes of inebriety.

Though the poet's wreath never shaded thy humble brow, nor the Muses hailed thee as their favourite son, yet thy fate is infinitely superior, and a celestial diadem encircles thy head.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

WE can scarcely find on a strict survey of the misfortunes and imprudences of life a more disgusting, but at the same time pitiable, object, than a beautiful female who is guilty of intoxication, a crime odious and disgraceful in man, but tenfold more detestable in woman. Man, who was created by God but a little lower than the angels, is reduced by it to a degree inferior to brutes; for it is a voluntary perversion of the comforts of life, and a wilful and deliberate contempt of that reason with which we are endowed by our Maker.

I shall illustrate this by a living example. *Imprudentia* is a very handsome young lady, who, beside her natural charms, has received the accomplishment of a liberal education, and was blessed with tender parents, who were anxious to improve her mind, and implant the seeds of virtue in her youthful heart. But Imprudentia unhappily contracted a passion for drinking, which she would always gratify when possible, at the expense of her health and reputation. Being naturally of a lively disposition, and too much inclined to levity and wantonness, I doubt not but that a desire of being thought sprightly was one inducement to that degrading vice; but alas! who sees not through the artificial liveliness caused by excess of drinking? And who is there that cannot perceive the wide difference there is between those intemperate sallies, and indecorous mirth, which, though they may for the present captivate, yet, being not real but artificial, cause a disgust in the after moments of cool reflection, and that habitual cheerfulness of mind which continually shows itself in witty but chaste expessions, and in pleasing, but at the same time, commendable actions? The consequence of her imprudence has been that she has gone in her excesses farther than decency would allow me to express; she has fixed her affections on some object unworthy of her, and now that her real character is generally known, she is utterly deserted by all young men of prudence, who now disdain to speak to her, and count that a disgrace which they formerly coveted as an honour; and if she ever obtains a partner for life, it must be one who from his distance from her neighbourhood is quite ignorant of her actions. If some one of your correspondents would point out a way to reform *Imprudentia*, if the die is not yet cast, and she is not yet inevitably condemned to be a slave to her misguided desires, it would be with pleasure adopted by

Your obedient,

Humble servant,

ENDEICTES.

Colchester, Jan. 28, 1808.

ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WORKS of ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

THIS celebrated female artist died at Rome on the 7th of November last, in the 67th year of her age. She was a friendly agreeable woman, her countenance expressing no genius, but great good nature. By indefatigable industry and good fortune she acquired a property of two hundred thousand dollars, which she has left to a relation, whom she had sent for from Germany to attend her. Her house displayed much taste; a hall, which is quite full of statues and busts, conducted to her apartment, where she had a choice little collection of ancient paintings, carefully protected by silk coverings. Among these was a St. Jerome, which, according to her account, was by Leonardo da Vinci. Among some fine heads, by Vandyke and Rembrandt, hung her own portrait by sir Joshua Reynolds, and well known by the engraving executed by Bartolozzi; but age had entirely effaced all similarity between it and the original. The following are the principal performances which this industrious artist had by her at the time of her decease: the prophet Nathan leading David to express his opinion of the rich man who had robbed his poor neighbour of his only lamb, and exclaiming, 'Thou art the man!' The figures are as large as life. Nathan's head very fine, and replete with manly dignity. This, without dispute, was the best of her historical pieces. She succeeded in giving David a somewhat majestic, but yet ambiguous physiognomy, exactly such as the pious king may be supposed to have had. He starts, and drops with terror the harp on which he is playing; but his motion appears in the picture rather a shrug of the shoulders, than a start; for the rest, this picture is in her ordinary manner, pleasing and elegant. Her Hagar and Ishmael appear to be far inferior in merit; Hagar seems engaged in a cold and ceremonious conversation with the Angel, whose extended arm is evidently faulty. In heroic subjects she was totally detitute of energy. The Departure of Coriolanus, a scene from the French tragedy of that title, is represented with great elegance. Her picture of Three Girls singing from Notes is very pleasing; subjects of that kind seemed to suit her talents. Her *forte* appeared, however, to lie in portraits; and perhaps females are best adapted to this branch of the art; for they have received from Nature a susceptibility to seize and express every trait of the countenance, and every peculiar gesture. It is a gift with which, as the weapon of the weaker sex, Nature has evidently provided them. The whole-length portrait of a Scotch nobleman, in the picturesque habit of his nation, particularly attracted the eye: beside him is a lovely boy, completely naked, representing Bacchus, but unfortunately extremely faulty. In some other portraits in which she had confined herself to the heads, she had been uncommonly successful; among the rest there was an unfinished one of Canova the statuary.

She had been in England some years, and was at an early period of the Royal Academy elected an Academician. The late Mr. alder-

man Boydell published a great number of engravings, by different artists, after her works. Amongst these were the Flight of Paris and Helen; Venus presenting Helen to Paris; the Judgment of Paris; Papirius Prætextatus; Achilles lamenting the Death of Patroclus; and Penelope awakened by Eurycle a; all of which were engraved by that excellent but unfortunate artist, Ryland. He also engraved the picture of queen Eleanor sucking the Poison out of the Wound of her Husband King Edward, in the Holy Land, after this artist; a companion to it, of Lady Elizabeth Gray imploring Edward IV. for her Husband's Lands, and her fine painting of Venus Regina. Her portraits of the Duchess of Richmond and of General Stanwix's Daughter were also engraved by Ryland. Besides these, the Alderman also published engravings from several other historical subjects by Angelica, as Ariadne abandoned by Theseus, Ulysses discovering Achilles, the painting of Calypso and Ulysses, Achilles discovered by Ulysses, Hector reproaching Paris, &c. &c.

She painted for the Shakspeare, published by Boydell, two pictures; the one representing Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, and Julia, in the fifth act of the Two Gentlemen of Verona; and the other, Diomed, Cressida, Troilus, and Ulysses, in the fifth act of Troilus and Cressida. These were engraved by Schiovonetti, in the dotted manner, a style of engraving which has done more to destroy the beauty of that excellent art than any other thing which could have been devised; the stroke or line engraving being the only branch which can produce that effect which historical subjects so much require, and which a work, under the direction of the Rev. Edward Foster, intitled 'The British Gallery of Engravings,' has recently, and happily for the arts in this country, shown that that style does not want artists in London to execute it, if proper encouragement be shown them.

Angelica also painted a great number of fancy subjects, particularly in ovals and circles; forms in which she seemed to delight; but which, probably, were the means of confining her powers in a narrower compass than might otherwise have been the case. Alderman Boydell published upwards of sixty plates from subjects painted by her.

Angelica was a woman of considerable talents, though her genius was not of that commanding order which is calculated to produce a school of its own. Indeed it may be said that she rather possessed taste and judgment than any of the higher qualities which belong to genius. She was evidently a follower of Poussin, whose figures, draperies, and style of colouring, she chiefly studied. There was generally elegance in her compositions, but not much discrimination of character or expression, and never any forcible effect. Her works, indeed, were much better calculated to give scope to the engraver than to strike by their own beauties. But if her pictures were in general tame and unaffecting, they never revolted against taste, but afforded some interest, as the productions of an amiable and intelligent mind. She was entitled to high respect for her private character, and the more so as she was unfortunate in her life, particularly in a matri-

monial connection, in which she was the dupe of vulgar artifice. Her conduct, however, was so uniformly proper after this melancholy event, that she was the object of pity rather than of censure; and her character was held in great esteem through the remainder of her life by persons of distinguished consequence, as well as those more immediately connected with her.

She had resided at Rome some years, justly known and justly celebrated. The illness which preceded her dissolution was long and painful, but it was sustained with pious fortitude and exemplary resignation. In Rome, where the love of the arts is the sole sentiment that has survived the ruin of its glory, the death of this distinguished person caused an universal sensation. People of all ranks were emulous to testify their respect for her memory. Her obsequies were performed with decorous pomp, and more than usual solemnity. Several of the nobility, more than one hundred ecclesiastics, in the habits of their several orders, and the members of all the literary societies at Rome, walked in the procession. The pall was supported by young ladies dressed in white, and immediately after the body some of her best pictures were displayed, borne upon the shoulders of the mourners.

FASHIONABLE WALKING AND BALL DRESS.

1. DRESS of French cambric, flowered or escaloped round the bottom, and made close to the throat; the collar trimmed with a Vandyke lace; close coat of royal purple Kerseymere, edged all round with a gold cord, and fastened at the neck with gold buttons, and embroidered button-holes: a cap of purple velvet, trimmed with a light fancy fur, and ornamented with a gold cord and tassels; purple half boots or high shoes, and York-tan gloves.

2. A short dress of India muslin, richly worked and trimmed round the bottom with a broad French lace: the bosom and sleeves of entire lace, with Vandyke edgings; the dress worn over white sarcenet, or satin; necklace and other ornaments of cornelian. Hair dressed in a natural easy style, and ornamented with artificial flowers: white kid gloves and satin shoes.

A VIEW of the CHURCH of SAINT PETER at ROME.

[*From* CORINNA, *or* ITALY, *a Novel, by Madame de Stael Holstein.*]

CORINNA and Lord Nelville, on their way to St. Peter's, stopped before the castle of St. Angelo: 'There,' said Corinna, 'is one of those edifices whose exterior is most original. This is the tomb of Adrian, which, changed into a fortress by the Goths, bears the double character of its first and second destination. Built for the dead, an impenetrable inclosure surrounds it, and nevertheless the living have added something hostile to it by the exterior fortifications, which form a contrast with the silence and noble inutility of a funereal monument.

On the top is seen an angel of bronze, with a naked sword; and

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London Fashionable Walking & Ball Dress.

in the interior the most cruel imprisonment is inflicted. Every event of the Roman history, from Adrian to our time, is connected with this monument. It was here that Belisarius defended himself against the Goths, and, almost as barbarous as they who attacked him, threw at the enemy the beautiful statues that adorned the interior of the edifice. Crescentius, Arnaudt de Brescia, Nicholas Rienzi, those friends of Roman liberty, who have so often taken recollections for hopes, defended themselves for a long time in this imperial tomb. I love this monument which is united to so many illustrious facts. I love this luxury of the master of the world—a magnificent tomb. There is something great in the man who possessing every enjoyment, every terrestrial pomp, is not dismayed from making preparations for his death a long time before-hand. Moral ideas, and disinterested sentiments fill the soul, when it, in a manner, breaks through the boundaries of mortality.

It is from hence that we ought to perceive St. Peter's. The pillars in front of it ought to extend as far as here. Such was the superb plan of Michael Angelo: he expected, at least, that it would be so finished after his death; but the men of our day no longer think of posterity. When once we have turned enthusiasm into ridicule we have defeated every thing except money and power. 'It is you who will revive that sentiment,' cried lord Nelville; 'who ever experienced the happiness I enjoy?—Rome shown by you? Rome illustrated by imagination and genius! Rome, that is a world animated by sentiment, without which the world itself is a desert. Ah! Corinna, what will succeed to these days more happy than my heart and my fate permit?' Corinna answered him with sweetness:—'All the sincere affections proceed from Heaven, Oswald. Why should it not protect what it inspires? It is to Heaven that the disposal of us appertains.

At that moment St. Peter's appeared to them; the loftiest building that man ever raised; for even the Pyramids of Egypt are inferior to it in height. 'Perhaps', said Corinna, 'I ought to have shown you the finest of our buildings last; but that is not my system. It is my opinion, that to produce a sensibility for the fine arts we must begin by beholding objects that inspire a deep and lively admiration. This sentiment once felt, reveals, if I may so express myself, a new sphere of ideas, and renders us afterward more capable of loving and of judging, what even in an inferior order retraces the first impression we have received. All those gradations, those prudent methods, one tint after another, to prepare for great effects, are not to my taste. We cannot arrive at the sublime by degrees: infinite distances separate it even from that which is only beautiful.'

On their arrival opposite St. Peter Oswald felt an emotion altogether extraordinary. It was the first time that the work of man had produced on him the same effect as one of the wonders of nature. This is the only work of art now on our earth possessing that kind of grandeur which characterizes the immediate works of the Creator. Corinna enjoyed the astonishment of Oswald.—'I have chosen,' said she, 'a day

when the sun is in all its lustre, to show you this edifice. I have in reserve for you a still more exquisite, more religious pleasure, when you shall contemplate it by moonlight. But you must first witness the most brilliant intellectual feast—the genius of man adorned with the magnificence of nature.

The square of St. Peter is surrounded by pillars; those at a distance of a light, and those near of a massive structure. The ground, which is on a gentle ascent up to the portico of the church, still adds to the effect which it produces. An obelisk, eighty feet high, stands in the middle of the square, but its height appears as nothing in presence of the cupola of St. Peter's. The form of the obelisk alone has something in it that pleases the imagination. Its summit is lost in the air, and seems to lift the mind of man to heaven. This monument, which was constructed in Egypt, to adorn the baths of Caligula, and which Sixtus V caused to be conveyed to the foot of the temple of St. Peter; this contemporary of so many centuries, which have spent their fury upon it in vain, inspires us with a sentiment of respect. Man, sensible of his own fleeting existence, cannot contemplate, without emotion, that which appears to be immutable. At some distance, on each side of the obelisk, are two fountains, whose waters form a perpetual and abundant cascade. This murmuring of waters, which we are accustomed to hear in the midst of the country, produces, in this inclosure, a sensation entirely new; but this sensation is quite in harmony with that which the aspect of a majestic temple gives birth to.

Painting and sculpture imitating generally the human figure, or some object existing in nature, awaken in our soul ideas perfectly clear and positive; but a fine monument of architecture has not any determinate meaning, if it may be so expressed; so that we are seized, in contemplating it, with that kind of reverie without measure and without aim, which leads us into a boundless ocean of thought. The noise of the fountains agrees with all these vague and deep impressions: it is uniform as the edifice is regular.

'Eternal motion, and eternal repose,'

are thus blended with each other. It is particularly in a spot like this that Time seems stript of his power: for he appears no more able to dry up the fountains than to shake the immovable stone. The waters which spout in sheaves from these fountains form such light clouds, that on a fine day the rays of the sun produce on them little rainbows formed of the most beautiful colours.

'Stop here a moment,' said Corinna to lord Nelville, when they had already reached the portico of the church; 'stop a little before you lift up the veil which covers the door of the temple. Does not your heart beat as you approach this sanctuary? And do not you feel, at the moment of entrance, all that excites expectation of a solemn event?' Corinna herself lifted up the curtain and held it to let Nelville pass. She displayed so much grace in this attitude, that the first look of Oswald was to admire her as she stood, and for some moments she

engrossed his whole attention. In the mean time he proceeded into the temple, and the impression he received beneath those immense vaults was so deep and so religious that love itself was no longer able to fill his soul entirely. He walked slowly by the side of Corinna, both preserving silence. Indeed, every thing here seemed to command silence: the least noise re-echoes to such a distance, that no language seems worthy of being repeated in an abode which may almost be called eternal! Prayer alone, the voice of calamity, produces a powerful emotion in these vast regions; and when, beneath these immense domes, you hear some old man dragging his feeble steps along the polished marble, watered with so many tears, we feel that man as interesting even by the infirmity of his nature, which subjects his divine soul to so many sufferings, and that the worship of affliction, Christianity, is the true guide for the conduct of man upon earth.

Corinna interrupted the reverie of Oswald, and said to him—'You have seen Gothic churches in England, and in Germany: you must have remarked that they have a much more gloomy effect than this church. There was something of mystery in the catholocism of the northern nations: ours speaks to the imagination by exterior objects. Michael Angelo said, in beholding the cupola of the Pantheon, 'I will place it in the air,' and in effect St. Peter's is a temple built upon a church. There is some connection between the ancient religions and Christianity, in the effect which the interior of this edifice produces upon the imagination. I often come and walk here to restore to my soul that serenity which it sometimes loves. The sight of such a monument is like music continual and stationary which waits to afford you pleasure at your approach; and certainly we must reckon among the claims of our nation to glory, the patience, the courage, and the disinterestedness of the heads of the church, who have dedicated one hundred and fifty years, so much money, and so much labour, to the completion of an edifice which they who built it could not expect to enjoy. It is even a service rendered to the public morals, to present a nation with a monument which is the emblem of so many noble and generous ideas. 'Yes,' answered Oswald, 'here the arts possess grandeur, and imagination and invention are full of genius; but how is the dignity of man himself excluded here! What establishments! What feebleness in the greater part of the governments of Italy! And, nevertheless, what subjugation in the mind!—'Other nations,' interrupted Corinna, 'have borne the yoke the same as we, and have at least possessed that imagination which made them dream of another fate.

'*Servi siam si, ma servi ognor trementi* *.'

said Altieri, the boldest of our modern writers. There is so much soul in our fine arts that, perhaps, one day our character will be equal to our genius.

'Behold,' continued Corinna, 'those statues placed on the tombs, those pictures in mosaic—patient and faithful copies of the chef-d'œuvres of our great masters.

* We are indeed slaves, but ever shuddering at our fate.

I never examine St. Peter's in detail, because I do not wish to discover those multiplied beauties which derange, in some degree, the impression of the whole. But what is a monument where the chef-d'œuvres of the human mind appear superfluous ornaments! This temple is like a world by itself; it affords an asylum against heat and cold: it has its own peculiar season—a perpetual spring, which the external atmosphere can never change. A subterraneous church is built beneath the court of this temple: the popes, and several foreign potentates, are buried there; Christina, after her abdication; the Stuarts since the overthrow of their dynasty. Rome has long been an asylum to exiles from every part of the world. Is not Rome herself dethroned? Her aspect affords consolation to kings, fallen like herself.

'*Cadona le citta, cadono i regni,*
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni *.'

'Place yourself here,' said Corinna to lord Nelville, 'near the altar in the middle of the cupola; you will perceive, through the iron grating, the church of the dead, which is beneath your feet, and, in lifting up your eyes, their ken will hardly reach the summit of the vault. This dome, viewing it even from below, inspires us with a sentiment of terror: we imagine that we see abysses suspended over our head. All that is beyond a certain proportion causes man, limited creature as he is, an invincible dread. That which we know is as inexplicable as that which is unknown to us; but then we are accustomed to our habitual darkness, whilst new mysteries terrify us, and disturb our faculties.

All this church is ornamented with antique marble, and the stone seems more acquainted with the ages that have glided past than we. There is the statue of Jupiter, which has been converted into St. Peter, by adding the glory to the head. The general expression of this temple perfectly characterizes the mixture of gloomy tenets with brilliant ceremonies; sadness of idea in reality, but the softness and vivacity of the South in the external application; severe intentions, but mild interpretations; the Christian theology, and the images of Paganism. In a word the most admirable union of splendour and majesty that man can infuse into his worship of a deity.

The tombs, decorated by the wonders of the fine arts, do not present death under a formidable aspect. It is not altogether like the ancients who engraved dances and games on their sarcophaguses, but the mind is abstracted from the contemplation of a sepulchre by the chef-dœuvres of genius. They recall immortality even upon the altar of Death; and the imagination, animated by the admiration which they inspire, does not feel, as in the North, silence and cold, motionless guardians of the dead. 'Without doubt,' said Oswald, 'we wish death to be surrounded by affliction; and even before we were enlightened by Christianity, our ancient mythology, our Ossian, made lamentations and dirges concomitants of the tomb. Here you feel at once oblivion and gratification. I know not whether I should be desirous of such a benefit from your fine

* Cities fall, empires disappear, and shall man repine at being mortal?

sky.'—' Do not believe, however,' replied Corinna, ' that our character is light, or our mind frivolous; it is only vanity that renders us frivolous. Indolence may introduce some intervals of sleep, or of forgetfulness, into our lives, but it neither wears out nor dries up the heart; and, unfortunately for us, we may be arouzed from this state by passions more deep, and more terrible than those of souls habitually active.'

As she concluded these words Corinna and lord Nelville approached the gate of the church. ' Another glance toward this immense sanctuary,' said she to Nelville. ' See how little man appears in presence of religion, even when we are reduced to consider only its material emblem! See what indissolubility, what eternity, mortals can give to their works whilst they themselves pass away so rapidly, and only survive themselves in their genius! This temple is an image of the infinite Being; and there is no limit to the sentiments which it gives birth to—to the ideas which it retraces; to the immense number of years which it recalls to our reflection, either of past or future ages; and on quitting its inclosure we seem to pass from celestial thoughts to worldly interests, from the eternity of religion to the atmosphere of time.'

When they were outside of the church Corinna pointed out to Nelville several of the metamorphoses of Ovid, which were represented on the gates in basso relievo. ' We are not scandalized at Rome,' said she to him, ' with the images of Paganism, when they have been consecrated by the fine arts. The wonders of genius always make a religious impression on the soul, and we make an offering to the Christian religion of all the chef-d'œuvres which other modes of worship have inspired.' Oswald smiled at this explanation. ' Believe me, my lord,' continued Corinna, ' there is much sincerity in the sentiments of those who possess a very lively imagination. But to-morrow, if you choose, I will conduct you to the Capitol. I have, I hope, many other walks to propose to you. When they are finished will you go—will you —?' She stopped, fearing she had said too much. ' No, Corinna,' replied Oswald, ' I will never renounce that gleam of happiness which a tutelary angel, perhaps, causes to shine upon me from the height of heaven.'

ACCOUNT of the new Comedy intituled, ' BEGONE, DULL CARE; or, HOW WILL IT END,' performed, for the first Time, at the Theatre-Royal Covent-garden, on Tuesday, February 9.

The CHARACTERS were thus represented:

Lord Blushdale, - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Sir Arthur St. Albyn,	Mr. Pope.
Algernon St. Albyn, (his son)	Mr. C. Kemble.
Capt. Modern, - - -	Mr. Lewis.
Solace, - - - - - - -	Mr. Emery.
Danvers, - - - - - -	Mr. Brunton.
Legis, - - - - - - - -	Mr. Creswell.
Gregory, - - - - - -	Mr. Simmons.
Selina, (Sir Arthur's neice and ward)	Miss Smith.
Cicely, - - - - - - -	Miss Norton.
Deborah, (housekeeper to Lord Blushdale.)	Mrs. Davenport.

FABLE.

Sir Arthur St. Albyn being involved in great dfficulties, to extricate himself from his embarrassments, exerts his utmost influence

over Selina to induce her to marry Danvers, (a dissipated young man of fashion) whose uncle, Lord Blushdale, consents to relinquish a claim upon Sir Arthur of sixteen thousand pounds, immediately upon that event taking place, and the baronet admitting Danvers to a partnership in certain copper-works on his estate. The young lady frees herself from the addresses of Danvers, whom she detests, by procuring Algernon (who had been discarded by his father), in a letter to sir Arthur, to state that he had been privately married to her—and Mr. Solace, the superintendant of the copper-works, who has been grossly insulted by Danvers, prevents the partnership from being concluded, by virtue of a power given by sir Arthur's deceased father, who fearing that his son's pursuits might involve him in improper connections, had taken this method of prevention, and likewise vested a share of his property in Solace, as a reward of his honesty, industry, and skill. Selina, accompanied by captain Modern, seeks a temporary asylum in the house of Solace, and explaining to him that the cause of her retreat is her marriage with sir Arthur's son, in the presence of Cicely, an orphan brought up and educated by Solace—that young lady between whom and Algernon a mutual affection has taken place, distracted at the intelligence, forsakes her home, and in her road to the metropolis is humanely entertained by Deborah. Lord Blushdale at this time arrives at his country house, having left London to avoid the importunities of place-hunters and dependants; and Danvers, though totally foiled in his designs upon Selina, still exerting every mean to become a partner with sir Arthur, waits upon his uncle, and in an interview with his lordship, not finding him so warm in the cause, he threatens to deprive him of his title and estate, unless he enforces the payment of his demand upon sir Arthur, hoping thereby that Solace, to extricate the baronet, would consent to the measure.—Captain Modern, who had been prevailed upon by Selina to go in search of Cicely, in his pursuit of the poor fugitive, happening to call upon lord Blushdale, accidentally discovers the villanous designs of Danvers against him, and that he is the rightful heir of the estate and title then possessed by lord Blushdale—who renounces his claims, and cheerfully resigns those honours which had sat so awkwardly upon him—and the defeated and disappointed Danvers hastily withdraws himself—Cicely, in consequence, as a reward, is restored to her friends, and sir Arthur at length, convinced of the filial affection of his son, is reconciled to him, and consents to his union with Cicely—Selina bestows her hand on Modern.

This Comedy, which is said to be the production of Mr Reynolds, has many more of his best qualities of the Drama than any of his productions which have appeared for the last two or three years. It is interesting and animated throughout. The pathetic and the ludicrous are so happily blended as to excite the most lively emotions. If the wit be not so pointed, or the characters so strongly drawn, as the compositions of our first writers, its morality is pure, and its expressions inoffensive. It is very evident our author's chief aim is to please by every

stratagem which he can devise, regardless of the strictest attention to the unities, or to those rules which the too fastidious critic has prescribed to candidates for literary fame. Some of the modern fashions or vices are severely, but laudably, lashed; and several sentiments are advanced which reflect the highest honour on the head and the heart.—The sarcastic remark about prefering the reading to the hearing of a long debate, kept the house in a roar; and the statement that the sudden elevation of Lord Blushdale had again called forth the attentions and importunities of all Gregory's Scotch Cousins, produced the most laughable effect. In short, this comedy is a very pleasing and a very lively amusement, and will be highly productive to the proprietors of the theatre, who have expended liberally in scenery and decorations.

All the performers deserve the author's best thanks for the great interest which they took in the success of the play. Were we to particularize any, the highest encomiums would, perhaps, be due to Emery, Lewis, and Fawcett; to miss Smith and to miss Norton. Emery's part was long, but it was most admirably acted: Lewis's was considerably shorter, but it was rendered by him equally attractive. Fawcett gave very great whim to Lord Blushdale, and was very zealous for the author. Miss Smith looked charmingly, and played with much spirit and judgment. She was consequently very often, and very deservedly, applauded. Miss Norton appeared very bewitching throughout, and fully confirmed the favourable opinions which we advanced on her first performance at this theatre.

The prologue was spoken by Mr. Brunton, and the epilogue by miss Smith. The latter contained some apt allusions to the growing fashion of walking and running for wagers.

A VACANT HOUR

IN FEBRUARY.

By S. Y.

——' Me now the Muses lead
To where *Cam*'s wave reflects the trembling reed,
To studious walks and shades that science loves,
To cloisters dim, and glimm'ring twilight groves,
Where the pale student plies his nightly toil,
And wastes, o'er letter'd tomes, the midnight oil,
Happy, if from the Muse's hallow'd bow'r,
He bears away some fair selected flow'r,
Some sprig of bay, or leaf of od'rous name,
Priz'd by the bard, the ensign of his fame.'

Anon.

WE learn from the immortal Zimmerman, that 'love, in the retreats of solitude, while the mind and the heart are in harmony with each other, is capable of preserving the noblest sentiments in the soul, of raising the understanding to the highest degree of elevation, of filling the bosom with new benevolence, of rooting out all the seeds of vice, of strengthening and extending all the virtues.' It is thus that a happy love renders solitude serene, alleviates all the sufferings of the world, and strews

the sweetest flowers along the path of life.

'Thus could I trifle carelessly away
The milder evening of life's cloudless day,
From business and the world's instruction free,
With books, with love, with friendship, and with thee;
No farther want, no wish yet unpossest,
Could e'er disturb my unambitious breast.'

To participate of the pleasures of solitude and retirement I often snatch myself from the noise and bustle of society, and spend the leisure hour in contemplating the beauties of nature—or in reading some favourite author—Opportunity offered itself the other day, and I gladly accepted it—to range along the windings of the Cam. February afforded me a suitable day—no cold raging wind disturbed the gliding stream—but Phœbus shining with warm rays made Nature rejoice. It seemed the meridian of Spring.—The sweet warblings of the feathered tribe in the adjoining groves added pleasure to my ramble—I walked until I found a low retreat, and I seated myself upon the trunk of an old willow which the winds had torn up by the roots, it afforded a convenient resting-place—it seemed well adapted for a vacant hour. As I sat musing on the passing stream, on a sudden a *pigeon* alighted very near me. It was frightened, and seemed not to mind me: it had doubtless been pursued by some bird of prey, and I felt happy I was the mean of rescuing it from the claws of the murderer—after a few minutes it began to walk and pick the grass, and was unwilling to leave me.—As I sat musing on its innocence, my thoughts gave rise to the following lines, and I took out my pocket-book and writ, and dedicated them to the pigeon:

'Dear dove! possess'd with love divine,
Come haste with me to yonder grove,
There choicest flow'rets I'll entwine,
To form a wreath for her I love.
And as along the banks we stray
Of yonder little winding rill,
In love the hours shall pass away,
And friendship shall each bosom fill.
And if *Pigeona* we should meet,
She shall of all our joys partake;
With smiles she will our presence greet,
And thee caress for *her name-sake*.'

I had no sooner finished my task than my innocent companion flew away in an irregular manner, and I soon lost sight of her. I arose from my seat, and returned to my apartments—my vacant hour was better employed than (I venture to say) thousands at that time—I left the silent retreat with a hope to visit it again. Suffer me to call it—the asylum of Pigeona.

Anecdote of Cooke the Actor.

THIS gentleman, whose habitual propensity to drinking freely and largely is well known, during his engagement a few seasons since at Glasgow, was remarkable for his sobriety—being closely looked after by the manager, whose interest it was to keep him sober. One evening, being in company with a few friends at a tavern, Cooke asked the waiter for some brandy; accordingly a small quantity was brought in a half-gill glass. When Mr. Cooke observed it he was about to abuse the waiter, but suddenly directed himself to the company, saying, 'Here, gentlemen, you see I have given over drinking in *a great measure*.'

MOORAD, OR FILIAL PIETY.

A TALE.

CHAP. I.

DURING the reign of Nadir Shah, there lived at Gombroon (a principal, and maritime city of Persia) a merchant named Moorad, who possessed a generous mind, and by dint of diligence and skill, had amassed considerable riches.

Moorad in the year 1742 was blest with a son named Hosain, whose mother died two years after, in giving birth to his sister Elmira.

The year 1747 is particularized by the assassination of Nadir, whose character, in point of military fame, claims the admiration of mankind, but is otherwise so blackened by crimes, that (for the sake of humanity) it should be concealed by a veil of the closest texture.

The kingdom was immediately involved in that anarchy, which invariably occurs on the vacancy of a despotic, and usurped throne. Many competitors, like so many hydras, exerted themselves for predominance. The forces raised by the contending factions committed outrages on their bleeding country, which could only be exceeded by the injustice and iniquities of the principal chiefs.

The riches and integrity, and consequent influence of Moorad, made him an object, whose aid the emissaries of the leaders of the factions endeavoured to obtain. He did not hesitate to exert himself on the behalf of justice, and employed that vigour and zeal in the cause of his country which is natural to every patriot whose breast glows with ardour, and who has a heart to feel for the afflictions of his native land. Apprehensive, however, of resentment from the opposing factions, he deemed a precaution necessary for the security of his property. With the assistance of a servant (whom he had cherished, and protected from infancy) he buried his riches in an obscure spot without the walls of the city.

The conduct of the servant towards his benefactor, had ever been marked with that return, which the Almighty appears to have implanted instinctively in mankind; but the implicit faith now placed in him by Moorad, instead of acting as an additional motive of gratitude, (which, generally speaking, in a cultivated mind would have produced that effect) unfortunately operated differently with him. The temptation of a reward, or sharing in the booty, by betraying the sacred deposit to the enemies of his master, was a consideration of so powerful a nature, that it obliterated every grateful sentiment, and rendered him insensible to the many benefits he had received at his master's hands. He long remained doubtful whether he should not seize on the property himself, but the attendant difficulties, and fear of detection, finally determined him to disclose the secret to an agent of one of the rapacious chiefs. This resolution taken, he acted upon it with that desperation which accompanies a resolve produced by a contention between hope and fear. He hastened to the agent, made the disclosure, and arranged the mode of seizure for the following day.

On the servant's return, a visi-

ble alteration had taken place not only in his countenance, but in his manner. So singular a circumstance did not pass unobserved by Moorad. Who, having summoned him to his presence, thus addressed him. "You appear either discontented with your situation, or some strange passion has seized your breast. You know I have confided in you almost from your childhood, and I have a right to expect that you will place a confidence in me. Let me know if you have any grievance to complain of."

"No, master," replied the servant, "so far from having any grievance to complain of, I have always enjoyed the greatest happiness in your service."

"Then whence "demanded Moorad," proceeds this alteration? Your breast is labouring with some secret."

"Oh master," returned he, "your goodness has overcome me—I am a wretch—I have betrayed your riches to your enemies—My treachery has ruined my benefactor—I am unworthy of life."

The feelings of Moorad cannot be described. On recollecting himself, he hastened to his friend Mahomed, who lived in the vicinity.

Mahomed was a merchant, universally respected for his probity and understanding. A friendship, generated and maintained by a mutual esteem for each other's virtues, had long subsisted between him and Moorad.

The latter, after stating the unhappy circumstance which led to the visit, proceeded thus: "The friendship, Mahomed, which has long animated our breasts, and the corresponding sentiments which flow from our lips, precludes the necessity of a preface. I am convinced that my enemies will consider my death a necessary preliminary to the occupation of my riches, I am therefore compelled to seek for my safety in flight. To your protection I commit my tender offspring; confident, from the congeniality of our souls, that they will experience every attention and solicitude a parent can bestow."

"Moorad," replied Mahomed, "you have well divined my sentiments. To be explicit, your children shall possess in me a second father; and if I am blessed with health, and mental ability to fulfil the dictates of thy heart, you never as far as relates to them, shall have reason to regret this unfortunate circumstance. With respect to yourself, Moorad, a mind endowed with your superior qualities, will bear the frowns of fortune with resignation and fortitude, by which you will not only conquer them, but rise superior to your afflictions; and will, in fact, be the more exalted in proportion to the extent of your sufferings."

"The gratification," said Moorad, "derived from the sympathy of a dear and valued friend, tends materially to alleviate our sorrows, and to soften the pains of our overwhelmed and anguished heart. I am yet undetermined whether to conceal myself in the interior, or seek a place of refuge in some more peaceful and happy clime; however, on the return of peace to my distracted country, I hope to clasp my children in my arms, and pour forth my thanks at the shrine of friendship and gratitude."

"Conscious virtue, and inno-

cence," replied Mahomed, "will ever prove a source of energy to your mind, and vigour to your heart. These blessings will always be strewed in the path of your life, and afford a guide to actions, worthy of such an object struggling with inexorable fate."

"It is difficult," said Moorad, "to speak with confidence of our future actions. The ablest and most virtuous mind, when surcharged with calamity, may often err. The rectitude of my conduct will, I trust, contribute abundance of consolation, and a firm reliance on Providence, prove a support under the greatest calamity. Farewell, my friend, may you experience every felicity your heart can wish!"

A mutual embrace ensued, and after paying the tribute of a parting tear (the effect of sensibility and esteem) they separated.

Moorad, having placed his children uuder the protection of his friend, began to ruminate on his situation, and debate on the most eligible path to pursue. He at length resolved to proceed to the port, and make inquiries respecting the departure of the vessels. He accosted a captain with whom he had had transactions, and learnt that his vessel was on the point of sailing for Masuah (an island and province of Abyssynia). Moorad determined to embark, and sailed on the very same day.

It was now that he enjoyed the fruit of a careful education, and tempered mind; it enabled him to sustain the severest stroke of fate with patience. And his conscience, guided by reason, received the immutable decree of Providence with piety. Patience, though unable to administer an effectual remedy, yet calms and alleviates woe: and piety, the result of a sensible soul, communicates a sure and certain solace in adversity. The man who, like Moorad, but a short day before was enjoying every comfort and luxury his heart could wish, when bereft of all by a cruel and ungrateful act, affords a convincing proof of the feebleness of faith, when man places unlimited confidence on the frailty of human nature. The benefits which he had conferred on his servant sprung from a sense of duty, and the pleasure to be derived from it. The disappointment and ingratitude he experienced he determined to oppose, by forgetting the benefits conferred.

That man, generally speaking, is ushered into the world by calamity, and attended through life by misery, the reflecting mind of Moorad taught him to consider as an indubitable truth; for, though he may be in possession of the greatest blessings and comforts of life, yet even then there is a nameless something which his soul sighs for in vain; not to mention the myriads of mortals whose whole life is one continued scene of wretchedness, and are only supported in their miserable condition by the warmth communicated by the rays of hope.

The servant by a continued intercourse with his master had reaped considerable advantages in point of mental acquirements. In fact, none but the most abandoned and hardened villain, with such an emblem of virtue before his eyes, could fail to benefit by its genial influence. The discovery he had made in a moment of remorse; the incertitude of the line of conduct his master would pursue,

combined with a latent hope of pardon, prevailed on him to remain under his master's roof; but nevertheless an inward monitor induced him to avoid the steps of his injured benefactor. Finding, however, on the following day, that his master had fled with his family, and unable to trace his retreat, he resigned himself for a time to the lashes of a guilty and repenting conscience. Recalled to a sense of reflection, and impelled by despair, he hastened to the agent and partner of his iniquity, and unwittingly disclosed to him the whole particulars of of his recent conduct. The agent ascertaining on inquiry that the report of Moorad's flight was correct, not only refused the proffered boon, but threatened him with vengeance, if he dared to repeat his solicitation. The servant now felt the torture of ingratitude in its fullest extent. The enormity of his crime flashed across his mind with renovated vigour. Urged by so dire a conflict, and his soul labouring with the full effect of such heinous conduct, he wandered for several days, denying himself every sustenance; and although he did in some measure recover himself, yet it was only to languish, and drag on a miserable existence. And he eventually fell a victim to his infamous and diabolical treachery.

[*To be continued.*]

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

IN answer to the request of one of your correspondents to be informed in what book the following lines

'He who fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again,'

are to be found, I have to observe, that they may be found in a great number of books; in the Spectator, I think, for one; and they are so universally used, as to have become proverbial.

They originally appeared in Butler's Hudibras, where the inquirer will find them; and if he (or she) peruses that quaintly-witty, though now little understood work, attentively, it will be found that these lines are only one instance out of several, in which that work has furnished England with proverbial expressions. *

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.
J. M. L.

Feb. 2, 1808.

* We have inserted this letter, among other reasons, because it comes from a correspondent to whom we are indebted for a variety of very ingenious communications. But he is certainly mistaken; as he will, we may venture to affirm, be convinced, if he will carefully examine the work from which he supposes it to be taken, in order to ascertain the Canto and line where it may be found: which he certainly should have stated, in order to render his answer complete, and which, should he discover, will set at rest a question that has been frequently proposed, but very rarely, if ever, received its true answer.

E.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW PLAY, INTITLED

'THE WANDERER; OR,
THE RIGHTS OF HOSPITALITY.'

Written by Mr. Taylor, and spoken by Mr. Brunton.

FROM distant realms, and from a former day,
Our bard derives the subject of his play;
A subject that might then some int'rest own,
But now, alas! is too familiar grown—
A prince's fall in struggling for a throne.
Yet as the story from that soil we bring
Which still can boast a gallant, patriot king;
A king who direst vengeance firmly braves,
Scorning a timid train of scepter'd slaves,
Sure we may well disclaim th' ignoble fear
That such a theme will e'er be slighted here,
When virtuous monarchs we with pride revere.
Yes, we in Sweden lay our scene to-night—
Sweden, that still maintains a nation's right,
That still in faithful bands with Britain draws,
Though all beside desert her sacred cause.
Hail! great Gustavus! worthy of that line
That in historic rolls conspicuous shine!
May Heav'n propitious view thy glorious stand,
And keep thee leagued with Freedom's sea-girt land,
So rescu'd nations may their rights regain,
And Europe trample on her tyrant's chain,
But if, heroic prince! thou too must fall,
Or link with abject pow'rs enslav'd by Gaul,
Britannia o'er thy fate shall heave a sigh,
And still, unaw'd, a threat'ning World defy.

TO MARY.

TO you, my dear charmer! my love I impart,
'Tis you I've resolved for to marry;
No refusal, I beg—I now offer my heart,
And I hope my attempts won't miscarry.

Behold your fond Edward, how much he solicits
The hand of his much-belov'd Mary;
Should attempts prove in vain, single he'll e'er remain,
Of which state he's already weary.

So now, my dear Mary, my heart I've disclos'd,
Consent, your heart only I plead;
As your Edward you'll free from a bachelor's life,
Which he (if rejected) must lead.

E. C.

Colchester.

ANNA.

ALL hail! sweet Anna, ne'er resist
A generous heart inflam'd,
For thee I die, for thee exist,
Since 'tis at thee I've aim'd.
Ne'er shall a rival, I exclaim,
My dearest Anna wrong,
I ne'er desire a nobler prize
Than that I've sought so long.
All other nymphs may seek my heart,
That heart which is thy due;
But yet, I'll act a generous part,
I'll ne'er depart from you.
As thro' this barren vale we pass,
May we sweet friendship know;
And may the gods in me implant
Health, happiness, with *you*.
Now to conclude, with ev'ry hope
I sanction thus my pen;
My heart and tongue will both unite
To raise the loud Amen *.

E. C.

Colchester.

On the Death of Thomas Bigmore, who died Sept. 11, 1807, aged 90 Years.

RISE, Muse, who wept o'er Fox the patriot tear,
And shed poetic drops o'er Nelson's bier;
Attune the rustic lyre to artless lays,
And give departed worth its share of praise;
Perform thy task, exert thy feeble powers,
And strew o'er Bigmore's tomb poetic flowers.

Kind Heav'n to him did length of days impart
A judgment sound, a rectitude of heart;
Had his intelligent capacious mind
By scientific knowledge been refin'd;
Had natural talent been improv'd by art,
He'd acted here a more conspicuous part.

Of temper affable, engaging, kind,
His tongue 'the certain index of his mind,'
Foe to hyprocrisy, of heart sincere,
He spoke his thoughts, tho' princes stood to hear:
He was, (so strong his memory, to the last)
The chronicle of near a cent'ry past.

Religion's narrow path with awe he trod,
He lov'd his neighbour and he served his God;
Full ninety years he sojourn'd here below,
Gain'd many a friend, and died without a foe;
When nature's dread, important, hour drew near,
He met the phantom Death without a fear.

Hail, village Patriarch! venerable sage!
What novel views thy spotless heart engage!
Above yon orbits, where huge planets roll,
Celestial wonders feast thy raptur'd soul;
Heaven opes its beauties on thy ravish'd gaze,
Unveils its glories, and its state displays;
While to thy mind's pure eye new scenes unfold,
Bright seraphs string for thee a harp of gold.

John Webb.

Haverhill, Nov. 26, 1807.

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* The above two little amatory effusions we received written by the same pen, on the same slip of paper, and no doubt at the same time; we leave it therefore to our fair Readers, whose judgment is no doubt greater than ours in these matters, to determine which of these two nymphs, Mary or Anna, is the real object of this amorous gentleman's very violent affections.

ON READING PETER PINDAR'S CELEBRATED LINES *, ADDRESSED TO MISS SOPHIA ILBERT, OF DEVONSHIRE.

WHEN Peter thy perfection drew,
And Zeuxis' picture rais'd to view,
The bard each beauty sought to trace,
'Mid rose and lily's magic grace:

But had he tried to show thy MIND,
Which Heav'n with ev'ry charm design'd,
The painter's skill, or poet's art,
Could ne'er thy excellence impart.

O Sophy! bless'd with soul divine,
May all that's bliss be truly thine;
Each anxious wish, below, above;
Thy fervent hope, thy fondest love!

L'AMITIÉ.

NEGROES FETTERED, AND CONDUCTED TO THE VESSEL WHICH CONVEYS THEM FROM THEIR NATIVE LAND.

A FRAGMENT.

BEHOLD the sable, sorrowing train
Descending slowly to the main!
Dejected, downcast, full of woe,
How heavily the mourners go!
Mark the reclining, drooping head
Supine;—the slow and pensive tread!
Afflicted, drooping, weary, weak,
What wretchedness their looks bespeak!
See the chain'd child, of tender years,
Sunk and expiring;—Bath'd in tears:
See the fond mother by its side,
Ah, no!—See grief personified!
Would's't misery see, and fix'd despair,
Look in her face, you'll find them there.

BENJAMIN STEPHENSON.

SINCERITY.

'IS art concern'd? consult with no man,
That province all belongs to woman.'
'Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool;
For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.'

YOUNG.

'Deceit and cunning, the most hopeless and hateful in the whole catalogue of female failings.'

HANNAH MORE.

'That pitiful cunning, which so disgracefully characterizes the female mind. My very soul has often sickened at observing the sly tricks practised by women.'

M. W. GODWIN.

DECEIT and woman are the same
Tis said; but sure they are to blame
To speak with such temerity!
Ye fairest flow'rets of the Earth,
To modesty the next in worth
Is feminine sincerity.

When bows the courtier to ambition,
When smiles the subtle politician,
And talks with smooth celerity;
Unmov'd we see the forc'd grimace,
We scorn the artificial face,
And long for fair sincerity.

Let wretches, hackney'd in the ways
Of men, dissimulation praise,
And truth treat with severity;
But let not foul or fair pretence
Prevail on youthful innocence
To swerve from bless'd sincerity.

When hoary Syphax, scoundrel old,
Callous, insensible, and cold,
Views frankness with asperity;

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* TO MISS SOPHIA ILBERT, OF DEVONSHIRE.

BY PETER PINDAR ESQ.

OLD ZEUXIS to compose a PERFECT PIECE,
Cull'd beauty from a hundred BELLES of GREECE:
This, to be sure, a deal of trouble gave him!
But were that PAINTER from his tomb to start,
And wish AGAIN to try his peerless art,
SOPHY! what trouble THOU ALONE would'st save him!

No look of wonder fills the place,
All men read 'villain' in his face,
He trembles at sincerity.

But, oh! when Angels charms we meet
In union strange with dark deceit,
And serpentine hypocrisy;
Disgusted, with averted eye,
Pensive we turn aside and sigh,
And long for sweet sincerity.

And when, to honourable love,
Imploring swains your bosom move,
Away with mean duplicity!
Sincerely on the worthless frown,
But make the faithful heart your own,
And bind it with sincerity.

Yet oft the siren Pleasure smiles,
And flattery lures with all its wiles,
And bland, insidious, subtlety,
Ah! then beware!—Rise, watch and ward,
With nicest circumspection guard
Ingenuous sincerity!

But still to candour cleave, and truth
'Midst all the treacherous snares of youth,
And sunshine of prosperity;
Nor less in dreary, adverse, hours,
When sad affliction, threat'ning, lours,
Adhere to strict sincerity.

Tho' darkest clouds the day deform,
Spite of the terrors of the storm,
Hold fast all sacred Verity!
Tho' roaring thunders reek the ground,
And blasting lightnings flash around,
Lay not aside sincerity.

(Encircled by an host of foes,
Tho' men and devils should oppose
Thy course with all asperity;
Strong in the faith of GOD's dear Son,
With cheerful brow march boldly on,
In confident sincerity!)

And when the last expiring strife
Shall cripple all the powers of life
With terrible severity;
Tho' gasping on the bed of death,
Never, but with thy latest breath,
Oh! never quit sincerity!

Thrice-bless'd the man of truth and love!
When Earth and 'all its towers' remove,
And 'all which it inherit;' he,
When Earth's foundations melt away
Shall flourish in eternal day,
The offspring of sincerity.

B. Stevenson.

SONG

IN THE NEW COMIC OPERA OF

'TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.'

WHEN gaily peep'd the morning
To see night's shadow fly,
My drowsy pillow scorning,
With pleasure up rose I.
In sportive glee, pass'd ev'ry day,
Till one false youth came in my way,
And now I'm left to sigh and say,
Heigho! heigho!
Why did he come? why did go?

How could I guess that courting
Hid danger in a charm?
No lamb around me sporting
Thought less than I of harm.
To mirth attun'd my heart was strung
So high, that when my steps and tongue
Would walk or talk, they danc'd and sung
Heigho! heigho!
Why did he come? why did he go?

SONG

FROM THE SAME.

THE blast of war may loudly blow
The note of animation,
Yet, valour! what inspires thy glow
Like woman's approbation?
Woman! without thy dazzling charms,
The world were wrapt in shade;
Cold were the clarion's call to arms,
And laurell'd wreaths would fade.
Then, lovely Sex, with magic smile,
Still point our hopes, our cares beguile,
While glory, love, and duty,
Shall warm,
Alarm,
Inspire,
And fire,
To gain the meed of beauty.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Florence, Dec. 10, 1807.

THE following is the proclamation by which the queen regent of Etruria resigns her dominions to the French emperor:—

Charles Louis, Infant of Spain, King of Etruria, &c. and on the part of his Majesty, her Majesty Maria Louisa, Infanta of Spain, Queen Regent of Etruria.

Whereas his majesty the emperor of the French and king of Italy has informed us, that, by virtue of a treaty concluded with his Catholic majesty, other states are appointed for us in exchange for the kingdom of Etruria, ceded to the most illustrious emperor by the aforesaid treaty; we consider our reign in Etruria as dissolved from this day, and hence discharge the Etrurian nation from every oath of allegiance towards our royal person.

Yet we cannot separate from subjects so dearly beloved, without publicly assuring them of our entire gratitude, and of the memory which we shall at all times retain of the faithful attachment which they have displayed during the time of our government.

Yet if there is a thought which can diminish our affliction at such a separation, it is this, that the kingdom of Etruria—that so obedient a nation becomes subject to the happy government of a monarch who is adorned with the most heroic virtues, among which the constant care is pre-eminent with which he labours to assure the prosperity of the people under his authority.

MARIA LOUISA.

Given the 10th of December, 1807.

Lisbon, Dec. 18. On Monday, the 13 inst. about five in the evening, the populace unexpectedly collected together in the principal squares of the city; so that for some moments a serious tumult was apprehended. In an instant, French troops and Portuguese cavalry and infantry were sent to restore peace and order. The remaining troops which were dispersed in the city found themselves necessitated to fire. They remained forty-eight hours under arms, as the mob incessantly endeavoured to renew the disturbance. At last after thirty-eight of the ring-leaders had been taken into custody, the military gained a victory. The general has adopted the severest measures to prevent or punish all further violations of the peace.

Mantua, Dec. 25. At the time of the emperor's passing through, the senator Lucien Bonaparte had a personal conference with his illustrious brother, and then returned to Rome.

Memel, Dec. 20. The following proclamation by the king of Prussia has been published here:—

'The king being obliged, by the 27th article of the treaty of peace of Tilsit, concluded on the 9th of July, 1807, to shut, without exception, the Prussian ports and states against the trade and navigation of England, as long as the present war lasted between England and France, his majesty has not hesitated to take progressively the most appropriate measures to fulfil his engagements.

'In directing these measures his majesty did not dissemble the prejudice and loss which would result to the commerce of his dominions in general, and that of

his subjects, who, by a long series of misfortunes, have acquired new rights to his paternal solicitude and benevolence; but his majesty yielded to the consolatory hope, that the mediation offered by Russia to England, by accelerating the return of a definitive peace between Great Britain and France, would soon bring about an order of things more congenial to the particular interests of each power.

'The king has been deceived in his just expectation; the events that have taken place since, and which are too well known to render it necessary to recapitulate them, far from bringing the so much desired period of general peace nearer, have only placed it at a greater distance.

'All communication is broken off between Russia and England. The declaration of his majesty the emperor of all the Russias, published the 26th of October, proves that there is no longer any relation between those two powers. His Prussian majesty, intimately connected by all his relations with the cause and system of the continental neighbouring and friendly powers, has no other rules of conduct than his duties founded upon the interests of his states, and the obligation contracted by a solemn treaty.

'Conformably to these principles his majesty, setting aside those considerations which he had hitherto respected, in the vain hope of a speedy general pacification, and having refused, since the mission of lord Hutchinson, to receive at his court any English diplomatic agent, has just ordered his legation at London to quit England as soon as possible, and return to the continent.

'His majesty the king of Prussia, in making known the resolutions which his engagements and the interest of his monarchy impose upon him as a duty, declares by these presents, that, till the restoration of a definitive peace between the two belligerent powers, there shall be no relation between Prussia and England.

'Frederick William.'

'Memel, Dec. 1, 1807.'

Lisbon, Dec. 23. On account of the great scarcity of money nothing can be sold here at present. But very few houses pay their bills, and few are accepted, even for the best drawers. No goods are dispatched from hence, and the India-house continues to be shut up. The confiscation of English goods is postponed until the 26th of next month, at which time the courier who is to bring the decision of the fate of Portugal is expected. The disturbances which took place on the 12th and 13th instant, were occasioned by the hoisting of the French colours, which irritated the populace against the foreign military. The soldiers fired several volleys, but most of them in the air, and no more than twenty lives were lost on both sides, on that occasion.—On the 14th, the public tranquillity was perfectly restored, and there is no reason to apprehend any farther commotion, unless a famine should goad the people to despair.—

Leghorn, Dec. 26. All the towns and provinces of the former kingdom of Etruria have now taken the oath of allegiance to the emperor and King Napoleon. The Etrurian troops are gone into upper Italy, and in their stead a numerous garrison is arrived here. The numerous towers along our sea-coast, which served the inhabitants as a protection against the Barbary rovers, have been in like manner occupied by the French, and put into a better state of defence. In our fort, which protects the town and the harbour, preparations have been made to receive the English with red-hot balls, whenever they may venture to attack us. Within a short time, some frigates will be set upon the stocks.

Trieste, Jan. 10. The regulations and ordinances concerning the navigation of neutrals, and the new maritime law which the English wish to establish, as also the measures France has taken to oppose that tyranny, must necessarily be expected to shackle the commerce of this port; and, in fact, this is what has happened. This misfortune, however, is common to all the ports of the continent; and it is the general resolution to endure it, if necessary, for a number of years, to free the world from the maritime despotism of England. In conse-

quence of these measures, the relations between our port and Sicily and Malta can no longer have place.

Colonial commodities from the West Indies have risen to an extraordinary high price, all the supplies of these articles being in the hands of speculators, who fix the prices as they please. Oil is an article, however, the price of which has not risen in proportion to the rest; it is not dear. There are, in the kingdom of Naples, immense quantities of it, and it is from that we derive, from time to time, what is necessary for our immediate wants, and for our trade.

The articles of the Levant have not much risen in price, excepting cottons, which are much sought after, and the prices of which are very high.

A French privateer has just captured before our road a richly laden merchant vessel from Messina.

Hague, Feb. 1. The following *Royal Decree* has been published here:—

LOUIS NAPOLEON, &c.

Considering that every European nation ought to co-operate with all its might to the triumph of the cause of the continent, in a contest which will not be of long duration, and whose result is not doubtful.

Considering that our particular duty, as well as the dearest interests of our people, command us to accede in all points to the desires of his majesty the emperor of the French, our illustrious brother, and even to surpass his hopes.

Considering that the indemnity and relief which our kingdom has a right to demand and expect depend entirely on the powerful intervention of France

Considering, in fine, that however great the sacrifices hitherto made by this country may be, and however painful its situation, both under the relations of commerce and those of finance, it is of much greater interest to dissipate all the doubts that might exist with respect to our intentions, and to prove to Europe, in the most signal manner, our attachment, and that of our people, to the common cause, have decreed, and do decree as follows:

ART. I. From the publication of the present decree all the ports of our kingdom shall be shut against all ships, whatever be their denomination. Those only are excepted from this disposition (and provisionally till a new order,) of which mention is made in the second article.

II. Armed ships of our allies are not included in the exclusion directed by the preceding article. They may enter and quit our ports, and bring in their prizes by conforming to the ordonances issued relative to the entrance and departure of ships of war.

III. Ships of the allies or neutral powers, which may enter our ports, to avoid the danger of the sea, shall have no communication with the interior of our kingdom.—They shall be subjected to quarantine, and be under the most severe superintendance.—The commandant of the port shall make them put to sea as soon as the weather shall permit.

IV. Fishing-boats are under the direct superintendance of the civil and military authorities upon the coast—These authorities shall take care, on their responsibility, that no communication take place, by means of the fisherman, with the enemy's ships and other ships. To that end, there shall be placed as a centinel, a soldier on board each fishing-boat. On the return of the boat, the centinel shall make his report of what has passed during the fishery, contrary to the dispositions of the present decree, and the owner of the boat and crew shall be prosecuted with all the rigour of the laws.

Given at Utrecht, Jan. 23, 1808.

(Signed) LOUIS.

Gottenburgh, Feb. 12. The Stockholm post of to-day has brought the important intelligence that Russia has declared war against Sweden; and some accounts state that the Russians have already entered Swedish Finland. Both M. Alopeus, the Russian minister, and count Miolke, the Danish minister, are about to quit Stockholm. The officers and staff of the Swedish army in Finland had received orders to join with all possible expedition

HOME NEWS.

London, Jan. 28.

THIS morning the trial of general Whitelocke before a court-martial, consisting of 21 members, commenced at Chelsea College. General sir W. Meadows president, and general Moore the junior officer at the lower end of the table, who will of course be first called upon for his opinion. The members of the court began to assemble soon after nine, and about twenty minutes after ten the judge advocate, the hon. Mr. Ryder, called them over, and they took their seats at the board according to their rank. The copy of the charges in manuscript, with a printed copy of the articles of war, were laid before each member, and they perused the former the moment they took their places. General Whitelocke, in uniform, followed by several officers in uniform, then entered the court, some of the members bowing to him. The judge advocate then swore in the members, and read the charges; after which he proposed to the court the arrangement of excluding all the witnesses, that each might be examined separately, which was agreed to.

The room for the trial is prepared in the great hall, or dinner room, in Chelsea college. About one third of this spacious apartment is allotted for the court. Immediately under the large picture of king Charles the workmen have inclosed two closets, covered with green cloth, for the prisoner and prosecutor to retire into occasionally. The bar is between the seat of the advocate-general and the apartments beforementioned. The table at which the officers who compose the court-martial sit, is covered with green cloth. A small table is placed on each side the large table for the counsel employed by the prosecutor and prisoner. The floor is covered with matting, and the hall is warmed by German stoves. The witnesses are to go to the Board-room by the western square, and on their entrance in the hall they are conducted on the side along an avenue partitioned off, and covered with green cloth, which leads to the body of the court. The carriages going to the court-martial drive round the wall of the west square.

Last night a grand gala was intended to have been given by the countess of Portsmouth, at her ladyship's house in Lincoln's-inn-fields; but about eight o'clock, as lord Portsmouth was dressing, his clothes caught fire, and her ladyship in assisting to extinguish the flames set fire to her own clothes. The consequence was, that both were severely burnt, and it became impossible to receive the numerous persons of distinction who had been invited, and were collecting from all parts of the metropolis.

Feb. 1. A shocking accident happened on Friday afternoon in a lane leading from Hampstead common to Finchley. A young man of the name of Gould was in company with two others, shooting at snipes, and one having risen at the edge of a piece of water situate at the side of a hedge, Gould shot at his bird, and the greater part of the contents of his piece lodged in the head of Mr. Arson, an artist in St. Martin's Lane, who was amusing himself at a similar exercise of shooting small birds, and was passing, unseen, on the

other side the hedge from Gould. The young man survived but a few hours.

Plymouth, Feb. 3. By the Growler gun-brig, which brought in dispatches from rear-admiral sir R. Strachan, K.B. is learnt, that as he could not weather the Bay, and supposed that the enemy had put back again, he therefore had returned: but finding they had not put back, he resolved to proceed again in quest of them, and was sailed for that purpose when the Growler left the gallant admiral a few days since.

Came in a fleet of empty victualers from off Rochefort, having discharged their cargoes on board sir R. Strachan's squadron. By a gentleman who arrived here, who made his escape from Lisbon, which he left the 17th of December last, is learnt the following particulars of the conduct of the French army in Lisbon: when the French arrived they appeared mostly Poles, Prussians, Hanoverians, Germans, and rabble of all nations, very few Frenchmen being amongst them. After they had been drawn up in the square, and hoisted the French colours, the populace hissed, and showed great contempt for their new auxiliaries, and proceeded to pelt the French with stones and other missile weapons, which the French stood for some time, and then charged in among them, by which attack a great number of the Portuguese lost their lives. One Portuguese in particular behaved with uncommon resolution, he killed five French soldiers with a scythe, before he was massacred. When general Junot (who, by the bye, lives in a well-barricadoed and well-guarded palace) went with his suite to the opera, he sat in the Prince Regent's box, on which all the Portuguese present put on their hats, and went directly out of the theatre, leaving general Junot and his suite by themselves to hear the music of the opera.

London, Feb. 5. Yesterday morning, at half after six, a fire was discovered in the house of miss Pickman, who kept a lace-shop in Castle-street, Leicester-fields. Miss Pickman, her servant, a gentleman who lodged in the house, and the niece of miss Pickman, a fine young girl, who acted as a shop-woman to the aunt, were awakened, but had no time either to save any of the property, or to dress themselves. The servant-maid lowered herself down by a lamp-iron into the street unhurt, whilst miss Pickman and her lodger got into the window of Mr. Ball, music-seller. The shop-woman ran, as in a bewildered state, up to the three-pair of stairs, when some stupid people in the street, without taking the precaution of holding a blanket, or any thing to receive her, told her to leap out, or she would be burnt; she did so, and was literally dashed to pieces. Mrs. Blewitt with her infant were for some time missing, but it was afterwards found that they escaped safely, through a dormant window, over the top of the house, into another that was not on fire. At a quarter after seven the walls of the two houses fell to the ground, and by nine o'clock the fire was almost extinguished. But by that time the house of Mr. Ball, together with that of Mr. Kernot, chemist and druggist, in Bear-street, were entirely consumed, together with all their stock in trade and furniture.

Feb. 8. Dispatches were received yesterday afternoon at the Admiralty, and at lord Castlereagh's office, giving an account of the surrender of the Danish islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and Santa Cruz. They were brought by captains Berkeley and Parkinson, and are dated on the 27th of December. The two former surrendered by capitulation on the 22d of that month, and the latter on the 25th.

Soon after the dispatches had been received their contents were notified to the Lord Mayor in the following letter from lord Castlereagh:

'Downing-street, Feb. 7, 1808.

'My Lord,

'I have the honour to acquaint your lordship that captain Berkeley has this morning arrived with dispatches from general Bowyer, dated St. Croix, the 27th of December, which contain the intelligence that the islands of St. Thomas and St. John had surrendered by capitulation to his Majesty's arms on the 22d of December; and the island

of St. Croix on the 25th, without resistance.

'I have the honour to be,
'Your lordship's most obedient and
'Humble servant,
(A true copy) (signed) Castlereagh.'
'To the right hon. the Lord Mayor.'

A similar letter was sent to the Lord Mayor from the Admiralty.

The islands were secured without bloodshed. No ships of war were taken, but several merchantmen, and a considerable quantity of stores. The islands are stated to be in a high state of cultivation.

Yesterday the marquis of Thomond was unfortunately killed in Grosvenor-square. He was riding on horseback, and as he turned the corner of the square from the east to the south side, he rode up rather close to the railing, where the pavement is not so even as in the middle of the carriage way. The horse tumbled, and his lordship fell upon his head. Being in his 86th year, he was very infirm, and incapable of making any exertion towards lessening the force of his fall; he bled profusely, and laid upon the ground. His lordship's groom rode up to the assistance of his master, who laid hold of his hand and grasping it firmly cried out, 'William, William.'—These were the only words he uttered after his fall.—Lord Sydney happened to be at home at the time, and ordered his porter and some others, to bring the unfortunate nobleman into his house. The servants took him up in an apparent lifeless state; and, upon a professional man being sent for, it was found that his lordship was actually dead. Just as his lordship fell, a cart happened to be coming up; one of the wheels ran against him, but it is not supposed that that was the occasion of his death.

Deal, Feb. 11. Orders were issued by government a few days back for as many flat-bottomed boats as could be completed within a limited time, by the private builders of this port. Several were undertaken, and are nearly finished—it is supposed preparatory to another expedition, now on the eve of fitting out.

Dover, Feb. 11.—Prince Esterhazy and suit embarked here with the heavy baggage of count Starhemberg yesterday, and sailed for Calais in two cartels about four o'clock this morning, having a fresh wind from the westward; they will save their tide in, and may be expected back to-morrow. Signals are out at little Cornhill for the enemy's small cruisers. Several vessels that went down channel yesterday, have bore up, and are going back to the Downs. Arrived the Mark and Abigail, of Newbury, with cotton, &c. for Rotterdam; she left America the day before the embargo took place.

London, Feb. 13. So severe was the weather last night, the snow so deep, the wind so violent, that by ten o'clock this morning not more than six inland Mails out of 20 had arrived at the general post-office.—In some places, it is reported, the coaches could not proceed, and the bags were dispatched on horseback—in others additional horses were forced to be procured.

On Wednesday, during the whole night, and yesterday morning, the wind was so high that we feared we should hear by this day's post of great damage having been done at sea.—Our Deal and Ramsgate letters state, that some ships were driven on shore, whilst others parted from their cables and run out to sea.—At Portsmouth several ships parted, but towards four in the afternoon the wind moderated, and we trust the damage will not be so extensive as was at first apprehended.

Hertford, Feb. 13. Simmons, the wretch who murdered the two females, at Hoddesdon, a few months since, died, it is said, last week, in Hertford gaol, raving mad. He had, it seems, refused to take any food for several days.

London, Feb. 15. On Thursday night last the countess of Clare returned to her house in Saville-row, about twelve o'clock, after passing the evening with lord and lady Fitzgibbon, her son and daughter; shortly after which her ladyship retired to her apartments, which are situated in the back part of the house. About two o'clock she was greatly alarmed by the cracking of the roof of the house: shortly after, a large

stack of chimnies were blown down by the high wind, which forced in part of the roof and the cieling of her ladyship's bed-room, when near a ton of bricks, together with the cieling, fell in, and literally buried her ladyship. In this perilous situation she remained till after four o'clock, when she was released by her domestics. The whole of the back roof, together with the skylight of her ladyship's back drawing-room, are completely demolished. Her ladyship did not sustain any material injury, and was able to receive the visits of her private friends the next day.

On Friday morning, during the storm, a considerable part of the prince of Wales's wall, in St. James's Park, near the centinel boxes, was blown down. Several trees, in the Queen's garden, were torn up by the roots.

A man of decent appearance was found frozen to death under the Park wall yesterday morning. He appeared to have been drinking, and in his pocket was found about two pounds in money, but there were no traces of his abode.

The Portsmouth coach lost its way on Friday, and was nearly overturned. Two female passengers were frozen to death on the outside.

15. His excellency Mons. Alopeus, the Russian ambassador, and suite, and countess Jerrebsoff, arrived at the Ship inn, this day, about three o'clock; the ship is quite ready to receive him, and he will sail to-morrow in the Elizabeth, capt Hayward.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 22. At Kensington, the lady of colonel Drinkwater, of a daughter.

At Weymouth, lady Elizabeth Fielding, of a daughter.

In Great Cumberland-place, the lady of John Angerstein, esq. of a son.

25. At his house in York-street, the lady of the hon. Edward John Turnour, esq. youngest son of the late earl Winterton, of a son.

Feb. 1. At his seat in Sussex, the lady of colonel Crosbie, of a son.

4. At his lordship's house in St. James'-place, the countess of Loudoun and Moira, of a son.

7. At Ramridge-house, near Andover, the lady of John Hamilton, esq. of a son.

8. At his seat at Rolleston, in Staffordshire, the lady of sir Oswald Mosley, bart. M. P. of a daughter.

The lady of John Weir, esq. of Devonshire-place, of a daughter.

16. In Portman-square, the lady of sir W. Backitt, bart. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 25. At Saffham Prior, John Pardoe, esq. of Layton, Essex, to miss Charlotte Jane Allex, second daughter to the late John-Peter Allex, esq. of Saffham-house, in the county of Cambridge.

26. At St. Margaret's-church, Westminster, Christopher Rawson, esq. eldest son of John Rawson, esq. of Stonyroyd, in the county of York, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Thomas Brooks, esq. of Great George-street, Westminster.

28. Ralph Day, esq. of Aldersgate-street, to miss Seddon, of Bedford-row.

At St. Mary's, Newington, Robert Fillingham, esq. of Guildford-street, to miss Burne, eldest daughter of Thomas Burne, esq. of Walworth.

Feb. 2. By the rev. R. Brandling, William Sturges Bourne, esq. one of the lords of the Treasury, to Anne, third daughter of Oldfield Bowles, esq. of North Aston, Oxfordshire.

At St. Pancras church, the rev. G. F. Hemming, of Chichester, to miss A. M. Payne, daughter of Edward Payne, esq. of Warren-street.

At Kensington, by the rev. Mr. Ormourand, Thomas Draper, esq. surgeon of his majesty's 2d, 78th Highlanders, to miss Fraser, eldest daughter of Thomas Fraser, esq. of Leadelune, N. B.

8. By the hon. and rev. the dean of Windsor, Horace Beckford, esq. to miss Rigby; after the ceremony they left town for lord Rivers' seat in Hampshire.

9. At Mucclestone, by the hon. and rev. Anchitel Grey, John Fenton Boughey, esq. of Aqualate-hall, Staffordshire, only son of sir Thomas

Fletcher, of Betley, baronet, to miss Chetwode, eldest daughter of sir John Chetwode, of Oakley, baronet, and grand-daughter to the earl of Stamford and Warrington.

At Aston, near Birmingham, Mr. James Webster, of Fazeley, to miss Barton, of Castle Bromwick.

At Backford, near Chester, Randle Wilbraham, esq. of Rode-hill, in Cheshire, to Sibylla, youngest daughter of the late Philip Egerton, esq. of Oulton, in the same county.

At Lee, in Kent, Joseph Swift, esq. of Southwark, to miss Louisa Brandram, daughter of Samuel Brandram esq. of Lee Grove.

13. At St. Clement's church, by the rev. W. P. Thomas, John Cridland, esq. of Spring-grove, Somerset, to miss Margherita Maria Day, daughter of Alexander Day, of Rome, esq.

16. The rev. William Marshall, of Bath, to miss Caroline Cole, youngest daughter of Benjamin Cole, esq. of the same place.

At St. John's, Clerkenwell, by the rev. Richard Lendon, A. M. the rev. Hector Davies Morgan, A. B. curate of St. Benet's, Gracechurch, to miss Frances Harrison, of the Charter-house.

DEATHS.

Jan. 20. At Arnesfield, the right hon. Francis lord Elcho.

22. At Carmarthen, after a lingering illness of near 12 months, Mrs. Davis, wife of Mr. Benjamin Davis, of Star-court, Broad-street, London.

23. At Perth, Eliza Ann Gordon, daughter of lieutenant John Gordon 2d (or Queen's Royal) regiment foot.

26. At her house in Great Pulteney-street, Bath, at an advanced age, Mrs. Mary Newman, relict of the late rev. Ashburnham Philip Newman, of Thornbury-park, Gloucestershire, prebendary of York cathedral, and rector of Ackworth, Yorkshire.

28. At his house at Hammersmith, after a lingering and painful illness, Dr. Flower, M. D.

At his lodging in town, lieutenant John Warren, of the Bedf[illegible]d regiment of militia.

31. At Tenterden, of a typhus fever, Mrs. Waterman, wife of Mr. Waterman, attorney at law, of the same place.

Feb. 1. At Gloucester Place, Mary-le-bone, miss Octavia-Anna Hardacre, youngest daughter of R. T. Hardacre, esq. of the Royal Navy.

2. Of a liver complaint and bilious fever, at her house in Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, Cha[illegible] Maria, countess of Euston, to the inexpressible grief of her afflicted family.

In Manchester-street, the lady of the rev. Richard Cooke, of Lyndhurst, Hants.

In Green-Park-Place, Bath, lady Blunden, wife of sir J. Blunden, Bart. of Castle-Blunden, Kilkenny.

7. In Wimpole-street, Mrs. Garrick, relict of the late rev. Carrington Garrick, vicar of Hendon.

At Chippenham, Wiltshire, in the 30th year of his age, capt. Basil Alves, of the Royal Marines.

At Exeter, Mrs. Downman, wife of John Downman, esq.

At his house in the Grove, Hackney, James Lee, esq. in the 86th year of his age.

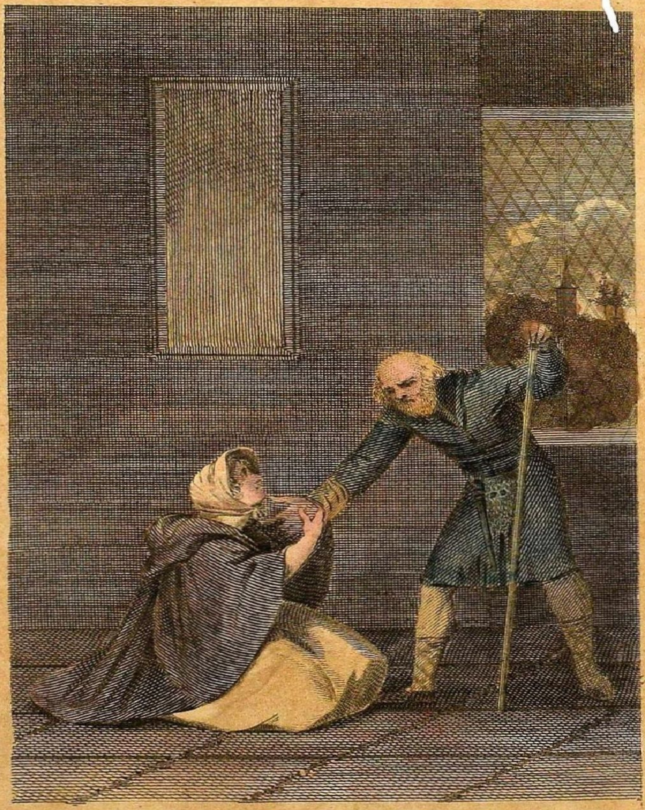
10. At Belmont Place, Vauxhall, Mrs. Eliz. Living, aged 36 years, wife of Nath. Living, esq.

11. By a fall from his horse, the marquis of Thomond (See Home News). His lordship was marquis of Thomond, and earl of Inchiquin, in Ireland, and baron Thomond in England. Having died without issue, the hon. Edward O'Brien, his lordship's brother, succeeds to the Irish earldom; the marquisate and the English barony are extinct.

13. At Brighton, Mrs. A. M. Bennett, the writer of Anna; or, The Welch Heiress, Juvenile Indiscretions, Agnes de Courci, and several other ingenious novels.

At Gordon's Hotel, after a few days illness, of a violent attack upon his lungs, colonel William Fullarton, of Fullarton.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Repentant Fugitive.